

POETICAL
AMUSEMENTS

AT A
VILLA

NEAR
BATH.

VOLUME I.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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M DCC LXXVI.



P R E F A C E.

THE Editor of this little volume thinks it necessary to inform the Reader, that the present publication consists of several poetical contributions of a Society of friends, of whom the greater number visited weekly, upon a fixed day, at a VILLA within a small distance of the city of Bath.

Here it was imagined, as an additional source of amusement, to naturalize a little *Gallic* Institution, which has been productive of much wit and pleasantry to that light and sprightly nation.—Words were given out that rhymed to each other, by the French called *Bouts Rimées*, (to be filled up in metre) for the following Friday; to which was afterwards added, a *Subject* at large, for those who should prefer unshackled numbers.

The candid Reader will please to recollect, whilst he turns over these pages, that they were frequently the production of a few days,—most of them of as many hours :—That they originated amidst the hurry of plays, balls, public breakfasts, and concerts, and all the dissipations of a full *Bath Season*—alike unfriendly to Contemplation and the Muses :—That their authors did not foresee their appearance under their present form, and had for the most part little leisure to improve or to correct them.

In regard to the Bouts Rimées, the Editor wishes the Reader (if he has not already made the experiment) to cover over any one of these little pieces to the rhyming ends ; and when he has filled it up to his own satisfaction, he may then be allowed a competent judge of the merit and difficulty of this species of composition.

The Editor does not apprehend private confidence wounded in the present publication, as the greater
part

part of these poems were acknowledged by their Authors in numerous assemblies, and with their approbation copied and dispersed through every quarter of England. Many of the best of them have suffered considerably by a negligent or faulty transcription. *Such* are here restored from their originals ; — and not a few have made their appearance to which carelessness had denied that share of correction which their authors were so capable of giving them. *Those* it has been our endeavour to suppress.

Should politeness to the Institution and Institutress be found to occupy too large a portion of these sheets, the Editor must rest his justification upon the exclusion of many elegant and ingenious little pieces, (from a mere motive of delicacy) that would have done equal honour to the authors, as to the person and subject of their address.

No partiality to subjects or persons has directed our choice in the present selection : Such preference would

have been as inconsistent with that degree of cordiality and good-will to each other, originating from the like liberal pursuits and intercourse amongst its members, as with the *present* success of our institution, which *still* subsists.

Should the novelty of this publication so far excite curiosity as to *encourage* a considerable demand for these Poems, the Charitable and Humane will with pleasure reflect, that any little profit arising from its sale (the reasonable expences of printing, &c. first defrayed) is destined to the assistance of one of the most deserving and importunate Charitable Establishments * with which this country is acquainted.

Happy,

* The PAUPER-SCHEME is a Charity of some years establishment, endowed, however, with no fund but such as arises from casual annual subscriptions, or from the benefactions of the company who occasionally resort to this place. It was instituted for the benefit and relief of poor labourers, and other indigent persons, who are afflicted with diseases, or have met with accidents, and are too far distant from their own parochial habitations, or who have no settlement from
which

Happy, under any treatment reserved for us by the Critics, should we succeed in making our innocent and liberal Amusements in any degree *tributary* to the *great work* of CHARITY.

N. B. The Vase, and Sprigs of Bay or Myrtle, frequently alluded to in the following Poems, are not emblematical, but real : Of the former of which, there is a tolerable representation in the Frontispiece, with its decorations of Laurel Branches, &c. upon its present modern altar. This Vase was found by a labouring man in 1769 at Frescati, near the spot where is supposed formerly to have stood the Tusculanum of Cicero, and by its workmanship seems not unworthy of such an owner. It is at present the receptacle of all the contending

which they can either expect or hope for any assistance. It is computed, upon an average, that advice and medicines are yearly administered, gratis, to twelve hundred patients, and upwards, who (without such a resource as this) must inevitably perish in the public streets.—An establishment of such universal benevolence, has, nevertheless, lately languished and fallen off, and there'ore now calls for universal protection.

poetical morsels which every other Thursday (formerly Friday) are drawn out of it indiscriminately, and read aloud by the Gentlemen present, each in his turn. Their particular merits are afterwards discussed by them, and prizes assigned to three out of the whole that appear to be the most deserving. Their authors are then, and not before, called for, who seldom fail to be *announced* either by themselves, or, if absent, by their friends: Then the prize poems are read a second time to the company, each by its author, if present, if not, by other Gentlemen, and wreaths of Myrtle presented publicly by the Instituters to each successful writer.

POETICAL



POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Bouts Rimées.

Hon. Mr. PH—PS.

H ARD to my muse it is, I must	confess,
In fix fix'd rhymes aught witty to	express;
Why did I mix with Wits? who must	detest
And crush my follies, which their sense	molest.
Thus the poor mole, who rises into	light,
Dies when he meets the sun's refulgent	might.

W. C — CH, Esq.

IN a beautiful woman, you all must confess,

There is something more charming than words

can express;

But if me this same beauty should chance to detest,

No fright upon earth has such power to molest:

Of her taste and her judgment I then should

think light,

And I would be reveng'd on her charms—if I might.

No. I.

E N I G M A*. Mrs. M — LL — R.

CRUSH'D by oppression's weight, thou shalt confess,

The woes I feel my fury can't express;

Straggling and choak'd, how can I but detest

The tyrant's gripe, who would my soul molest:

* An explanation of the Enigmas is subjoined to the work.

E'en

E'en in that moment forc'd to jig it light,
 Tho' beaten—wounded—dance with all my might.

Bouts Rimées.

On Miss M—N—LL.

READ in her eyes her gentle	heart;
But, O! beware the fatal	dart!
Her eyes have wond'rous power to	bind,
As those who gaze too quickly	find:
Then will you seek the shades of	night,
And shun, like me, the hated	light,
To higher joys I'll ne'er	aspire
Than to her voice to tune my	lyre.

To C H L O E.

M—Q—ss of C—M—R—N.

WHEN every virtue which adorns the	heart
Unite, and add new force to beauty's	dart,
Hard were the task, a worthy bard to	find,
To sing the chains thy happy captive	bind.
Mortals in vain to lays divine	aspire,
When heav'n is sung, Phœbus must tune the lyre.	

To an A B S E N T F R I E N D.

Miss E L — K — R.

ACCEPT these lays, the dictates of a	heart,
Who felt thy parting like the keenest	dart:
May friendship pure our souls for ever	bind;
May'st thou no sorrow, no affliction,	find;
	May

May angels guard thee thro' the vale of night;
May blessings wait thee at the dawn of light;
To all that's great and good may'st thou aspire;
In gayer moments tune th' harmonic lyre!

Bouts Rimées.

AS the bee toils for honey, the bard toils for fame,
Whilſt the queen on her throne orders all
in her name ;
On Mount Hybla each Friday to ſwarm, and
there thrive
The drones, their grave judges, of gall to deprive.
But the ſweeteſt of honey an acid may prove,
And the bee when he hums, ſting his Queen
in ſneer love.

G. P-тт,

G. P—тт, *Esq.*

APOLLO of late, in defence of his fame,
Convok'd to his temple each muse by her name ;
Your Batheaston Rivals let's haste to deprive
Of their talents, he cry'd, ere for conquest
they strive ;
Should Parnassus with Ida combine, *they* may prove
Too potent in song, when thus aided by love.

ACROSTIC, *By the same.*

MISTAKEN man ! to court an empty name ;
In toil and carnage lies the road to fame !
Let others, 'midst the thorns of glory strive ;
Let them the soul of its first joys deprive :
Enthron'd in bliss, be thine these joys to prove,—
Read these initials,—gaze, admire, and love.

By

By the same.

A DAMSEL's hard by, as fair as her fame,
 (She hears, and would blush did I utter her name)
 Who against each soft impulse can warily strive,
 While each swain of his heart she is sure to deprive.
 Grant me to this rule an exception to prove,
 Ere I die at her feet, may she pity, and love.

No. II.

ENIGMA. *Sir C—s S—D—Y, Bart.*

I'm a little black gentleman, ladies, of fame,
 Not handsome, but civil, if call'd by my name;
 To play sily with me you most artfully strive,
 For my sake of cotillions your partners deprive;
 Take me in, if you can, for faithful I'll prove,
 Turn me up, and I'll rival the king in your love.

G. P—TT,

G. P—TT, *Esq.*

WHO, bartering sentiment for love of	fame,
Can steel his heart to dignify his	name ;
Can 'gainst the gentle tide of passion	strive,
And of its choicest bliss his soul	deprive ;
May he the wrath of slighted Venus	prove,
The dire pangs of unsuccessful	love.

Bouts Rimées.

L A U R A.

JUST are the praises given your calm	retreat ;
Blest scenes ! (here Genius' native offspring	meet)
That grace soft Avon's silver streams	below,
Which, by your verse inspir'd, more softly	flow ;
Where you, all pleasing, thro' the early	day,
Sweetly encharm, are innocently	gay ;
	Whose

Whose taste the furliest cynic must approve,
 And feel his passion thawing into love.

No. III.

E N I G M A.

FOND youth, who tread'st bright beauty's ground,
 Trust not the eye, but watch my rising found ;
 Tho' long conceal'd among the young and gay,
 And almost stifled at the ball and play ;
 My soothing breath shall make the lover sing,
 And to his ardent vows the fair-one bring ;
 Yet oft I wander plaintive thro' the grove,
 The sad companion of forsaken love.

Bouts Rimées.

A C R O S T I C.

MALGRE weather and dirt, with each

foot in a

pattin,

I with pleasure would walk, tho' deck'd

out in my

fattin,

L ike a high-pamper'd cit, to regale on an oglio :—

L et me have good eating,—give students

their

folio.

E ngag'd, a repast so delicious to

feast on,

R espectful I'd pay my devoirs at

Batheaston.

Her Gr—e the D—fs of N—M—R—D.

THE pen, which I now take and

brandish,

Has long lain uselefs in my

standish.

Know, ev'ry maid, from her in

pattin,

To her who shines in glossy

fattin,

That

That could they now prepare an
 From best receipt of book in
 Ever so fine, for all their
 I should prefer a butter'd
 A muffin, Jove himself might
 If eat with Miller at

oglio
 folio,
 puffing,
 muffin.
 feast on,
 Batheaston.

HAD I but strength a sword to
 I'd call him out who wrote down
 I ride in coach, so need no
 I'm also sometimes dress'd in
 The epicures may write a
 In commendation of an
 And may, perhaps, extol a
 Yet I to each prefer a
 But what is it we do not
 When we assemble at

brandish,
 standish.
 patten;
 fatten.
 folio
 oglio,
 puffing,
 muffin;—
 feast on
 Batheaston?

A WEEK before all hands do	brandish
Pens, pencils, paper, ink, and	standish ;
Tho' none admitted in a	pattin,
But all, if dress'd in filk and	fattin ;
Provided they've compos'd an	oglio,—
Most are in luck, 'tis not a	folio.
From fright can't eat a bit of	muffin,
Or e'en so much as think on	puffing.
Who would not go two miles to	feast on
The wit abounding at	Batheaston ?

Bouts Rimées.

Lord Visc. P—M—T—N.

WHILE Flora's sweet treasures enamel the ground,
 And the woodlands and hedges with music resound,
 In

In crowds on the green see the villagers gay,
 For a garland contend in their innocent play:
 But taught, my dear girl, by the birds as they sing,
 What softer enjoyments the season can bring,
 We'll shun the loud tumult, and steal to the grove,
 Where the prize shall be beauty, the sport
 shall be love.

Par Mons. du TEMS.

La Belle Assemblée au Chateau de Batheaston.

DANS ce séjour agréable,
 Sous les auspices de Climene,
 Chacun tache de se rendre aimable,
 Et conte avec ardeur ses peines.

C'est ici que nous voyons renaitre,
 Le temps des jeux et des ris,

Et Climene en en faisant paroitre,
Nous donne à chacun de l'esprit.

By the same.

L'Amour jouant au Piquet avec Glycère.

TO MRS. MILLER.

AU piquet avec ma Glycère

L'amour jouoit un jour aux baisers, et perdit ;
Il paye, et met son arc, ses flèches, ma bergère
Le fait capot et gagne ; Amour plein de dépit
Risque les effets de sa mère,
Ses Colombes, ses tourtereaux
Son attelage de moineaux,
Et sa ceinture séduisante ;
Perd tout cela, de sa bouche charmante

Il joue ensuite le corail,
 L'albatre de son front, l'émail
 De son tein de lis et de roses,
 La fossette de son menton
 Et mille autres beautés nouvellement écloses:
 Le jeu s'échauffe, et le petit fripon
 Sans ressource, et tout en furie,
 Contre mes yeux, *va le tout*, il s'écrie !
 Glycère gagne et l'amour consterné
 Se lève aveugle et ruiné.
 Amour ! de l'insensible est-ce donc là l'ouvrage ?
 Hélas, pour moi quel funeste présage !

Receipt to make a Bouts Rimées.

G. P—TT, *Esq.*

TAKE of jest and of humour, an ounce at a time,
 Mix the flowers of fancy, and tincture of rhyme ;

B 4

To

To some smart repartees, add the essence of bays,
 With the sugar of sense, just to sweeten your lays ;
 Then quick lively ideas throw in at your pleasure,
 Of the spirit of wit add some drops at your leisure.

SAYS my Muse, now this time
 Shew your talent for rhyme,
 And let Miller inspire your lays ;
 Then conceive with what pleasure
 I've employ'd all my leisure,
 To receive from her fair hand the bays.

LET catcut musicians dispute about time,
 And poor garret poets get dinners by rhyme ;
 Let Garrick amuse you in Lear, or in Bayes,
 And lawyers torment you by tedious de- lays ;

My

My time shall be wholly devoted to pleasure,
 I'll be gay while I'm young, and repent at my leisure.

No. IV.

E N I G M A.

I TRACE my pedigree from early time,
 Confin'd, I travel fast, with prose, and rhyme;
 I spread the hero's fame, increase his bays,
 And though 'tis I rehearse your lover's lays,
 You break my arms, e'er I can give you pleasure,
 And burn me, cruel ladies, at your leisure.

No. V.

E N I G M A. Mrs. M—LL—R.

EVER brilliant, ever charming, I defy the
 power of time
 To deprive me of adorers, tho' oft I'm pur-
 chas'd by a rhyme;
 To

To possess my glowing beauties, poets would

reign the

bays ;

Court and senate, still contending, sing my

praise in various

lays :

Midnight ball, nor opera, glitt'ring, without

me afford no

pleasure ;

Yet joyless pass his anxious moments, who

to me devotes his

leisure.

OH ! stay thy flight, good Father

Time,

Whilst I petition thee in

rhyme ;

Grant me for once a crown of

bays,

Else there's an end of all my

lays.

Without reward, who'd toil with

pleasure ?

Time crossly answer'd, " Drones, at

leisure."

A GROUP

A GROUP of wits upon a	time,
Assembled, each to shew their	rhyme ;
And never doubted but the	bays
Must crown the merit of their	lays :
When Judgment, with exulting	pleasure,
Laugh'd at six lines, from six days	leisure.

Mrs. L—R—CHE.

T O visit fair Miller, I grudge not my	time,
And wish I could say all I think in good	rhyme.
I rose very early, for fear of de-	lays,
And set off for Batheaston, with four nimble	bays :
So I hope she'll accept of my visit with	pleasure,
And return me the compliment, when at her	leisure.

'TIS

ON the road to Batheaston I overtook Time,
 And wish'd him much joy on his wedding with rhyme;
 I told him some nymphs were preparing the bays
 For those on his nuptials who sung the best lays.
 Is it so, quoth the sage, if in matching they've pleasure,
 I desire for themselves they'll provide at their leisure.

Bouts Rimées.

On Miss P—TT. By Mrs. R—s.

M ARCIA has a snowy	breast;
Marcia smiles, her heart's at	rest;
Marcia's fair, amongst the	fair;
Marcia is the Muse's	care;
Marcia's sweet as blooming	May;
Marcia's bright as summer's	day;
Marcia thinks not of	hereafter;
Marcia thinks of joy and	laughter.

No. VI.

ENIGMA. E—D D—x, *Esq.*

A FEMALE once had me lock'd up in her breast;
But I rumbled, and tumbled, and gave her no rest;
Just ready to burst, the delicate fair
Seem'd vastly oppress'd with cholic and care:
Then she'd fidget about, in hopes that she may
Give me vent in a corner, and let me see day.
But I'm not what I seem—so, ladies, hereafter,
I hope, when you know me, 'twill occasion
some laughter.

YOUR beauty such havock has made in my breast,
Since Friday I ha'n't had a moment of rest :
The Graces, and Loves, when they made
you so fair,
For the ease of us, mortals, forgot all their care :

At the VILLA you shone, like the queen of
the May,
Like a star in the night, or the sun at noon day;
Then let your poor bard be rewarded hereafter
With a smile, and he's paid, fully paid, by
your laughter.

THE fight of dear Silvia has robb'd me of rest ;
So gentle, so charming, so lovely, her breast ;
I could feast on her smiles and her dimples all day,
She is sweeter by far than the flowers in May :
Than the Goddesses of Love more blooming
and fair,
She still doth enchant me, in spite of my care ;
I try all I can to divert her with laughter,
In hopes she'll reward me with blisses hereafter.

YE

YE writers for nosegays, ye young, and ye fair,

Accept my advice, and of envy take care ;

It's a weed that will poison, and rob you of rest,

It will spoil your complexion, and trouble

your

breast ;

It makes you say things, that you must see hereafter.

In a more serious light, tho' they now afford laughter :

Your theme might as well have been Flow-

ers, or

May,

For you bark'd, without biting, the last gala day.

Bouts Rimés.

M-Q-ss of C-M-R-N.

PHŒBUS, 'tis said, from Delphos took his flight,

To find a seat that could his taste

delight :

But

You'll say, perhaps, 'twas some sequester'd bower,
Where this bright God display'd his artless power :
But, no—in other scenes his numbers glow—
Thine chief, BATHEASTON, whence those
 numbers flow.

By the same.

To Avon's banks the muse once took her flight,
No longer finding town afford delight,
When on a rising ground she spied a bower,
Where Wit and Beauty share each other's power ;
Where sacred plants with freshest verdure glow,
To grace those numbers which from beauty flow.

'TIS droll to observe, with what whimsical flight
Each fancy's inspir'd for the muse's delight;
VOL. I. C Love,

Love, marriage, and ghosts, have all enter'd

the

bower,

And every invention has shewn its full

power ;

For fame ev'ry heart in this circle must

glow ;

But, ye wits, and ye judges, on me let it

flow.

FROM Bath to Easton haste your

flight,

Prepare for scenes of sweet

delight :

MILLER, to please, exerts her

power,

And asks you to her charming

bower,

Where Nature joins, in concert

meet,

With Taste, to make the place

complete :

May joy and mirth there ever

glow,

As long as Avon's streams shall

flow.

Bouts Rimées.

LAST week my poor heart took a sudden alarm,
 From a fair one, possess'd of full many a charm;
 But a fairer than she has since happen'd to fall
 In my way, as I danc'd at Cornellys' last ball:
 And yet a *still fairer* appear'd on the stage—
 The others I lov'd, but for this I've a rage:
 All the joy that men know is in changing their state,
 And blindly believe that their folly's their fate.

No. VII.

E N I G M A. Mrs. M—LL—R.

THE breast of a goddess I once did alarm;
 With my beauty and voice she fear'd I should charm
 Her slumbering swain,—so determin'd my fall,
 And diminish'd my figure;—yet I at a ball

C 2

Am

Am brisk, nimble, and airy—sometimes on the stage,
I've startled the heroes, augmenting their rage;
Tho' the Grand Turk were present, unaw'd
by his state,
On his Fatima's lips I'd again tempt my fate.

No. VIII.

ENIGMA.

I'M a thing which too often occasions alarm,
But if known when I'm seen I more frequently charm ;
To a bush I stick fast, for fear of a fall ;
At midnight I'm bright as a beau at a ball :
My brethren and I could enlighten the stage,
Allowing full scope for the actors to rage ;
Of my kindred you'll find some in every state,
Who in gloom, or in splendor, submit to their fate.

WHERE

WHERE critic smiles the trembling bard alarm,
 And belles have satire ambush'd in each charm,
 I can no more expect to 'scape a fall,
 Than if the boards were butter'd at the ball :
 Or if I should attempt Batheaston's stage,
 With smiling prologue, or with tragic rage,
 Yawns would pronounce my comic-power's fate,
 And stifled smiles destroy my tragic state.

*To the Gentlemen who are to determine the Merit
 of the Verses at Batheaston Villa.*

DID you know, sirs, what fears my poor
 bosom alarm,
 How ambitious I am that my verses may charm;
 C 3 How

How I puzzled my brains to get in the word fall,
 (For I thought on nought else all last night at
 the ball ;)
 Then rummag'd and search'd all the plays on
 the stage,
 For some furious idea to tally with rage ;
 You surely would pity my sorrowful state,
 And a sweet sprig of myrtle would settle my fate.

The Author humbly desires the Reader will be so good as
 to begin at the last Line.

No. IX.

E N I G M A. *Ad—l K—P—L.*

I HAVE often been heard to sound an alarm ;
 When first I'm beheld, I most certainly charm ;
 I'm surely destroy'd if ever I fall ;
 Few people without me e'er go to a ball.

The'

Tho' my motions are good, I'm not fit for the stage ;
 Many times do I strike,—but never in rage ;
 Many thousands are offer'd to perfect my state ;
 To fail round the world has long been my fate.

Address'd to C. A—TY, Esq; from Batheaston Villa.

Occasioned by his elegant STANZAS, which appeared
 in the Bath Journal of the 7th of March.

J. M—LL—R, Esq;

GUARDIAN of genius, and of truth,

Protector of aspiring youth,

Still condescend to be :

Oh ! still approve our artless strains,

Our rural shades, and classic themes,

So sweetly sung by thee.

Thy muse in vain would rest conceal'd,
By ev'ry thought and word reveal'd
That can her truth ensure ;
Full well, I ween, thy sacred wand,
* That *Angel's* spear is in thy hand,
Which falsehood can't endure.

† Avon, no more thy Shakespeare grieve,
His favourite son, from ‡ Cam receive,
Thy triumphs to prolong :
Again we hear his long-lost notes,
Their sound re-echoed sweetly floats
Thy verdant banks along.

* Ithuriel. Vide Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Book iv. l. 810.

† Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon.

‡ The river Cam. Mr. A——— was born in Cambridgeshire, and educated at the University of Cambridge.

Forfaken Cam ! thy fate we mourn,

Thy faireft flower unkindly torn,

To grace proud Avon's shore :

Thy Nails lament, with plaintive fighs,

Dishevel'd hair, and ftreaming eyes,

Since A—TY's thine no more.

Sweet bard ! who can thy fame rehearfe ?

Thy blamelefs manners, or thy verfe ?

Above all pride and praife !

Thy sportive mufe, *for ever new*,

Some *tracklefs path* doth ftill purfue,

And ftill our wonder raife.

SUBJECTS

SUBJECTS GIVEN.

The Power of Love. ***** ST—LY, Esq.

TELL me, ye fair ones, tell me, pray,

What man was e'er so stupid

As to deny th' extensive sway,

And wond'rous power, of Cupid ?

'Tis Love that looses Scandal's tongue,

And sets old hags a prating :

Love flutters round the convent wall,

And darts in through the grating.

The haughty Tyrant, fear'd by all,

Though fierce as Kalmuk Tartar,

Will stoop upon his bended knee,

To tie a damsel's garter.

The

The Trojan Chief, (if Fame says true)
Who fear'd not blood or thunder,
When in the cave he met the Queen,
To Dido's charms knock'd under.

The fierce Achilles, of whose feats
Old Homer makes a pothor,
When from the tent his girl they took,
He cry'd, and told his mother.

The charms of Omphale appear'd
To Hercules so winning,
The hero's club was thrown aside
T' assist the Queen in spinning.

E'en Jove himself, whom Gods adore,
That Lord of the Creation,
Has oft times deign'd with mortal maids
To steal a fly flirtation.

As Bathsheba, one evening late,
Was dabling in the water,
King David cast his eyes that way,
And in the action caught her :

Then thus the Prince, in plaintive mood,
Bespoke the good Uriah,
Love triumphs o'er the mighty king
Who flew the great Goliah.

Though hard and bold as Charles the Swede,
And though like Broughton bony,
Love makes us all as meek and tame
As gentle Macaroni.

The POWER *of* MUSIC.

ORPHEUS, one day, having nicely compar'd
The sweets and the sorrows of life,

Down to the mansions of Pluto descended,

And beg'd he'd restore him his wife.

Though Pluto was struck with silent amaze,

And star'd at so strange a demand,

Yet without much intreaty he granted his pray'r,

And deliver'd her into his hand.

Orpheus immediately struck up his lyre,

With joy and with gratitude fir'd ;

The spectres around gave ear to his lays,

Whilst he sung what the muses inspir'd.

Grim Pluto was charm'd, and swore by the Styx,

Himself to the bard thus addressing,

“ That short-sighted mortals often implore

“ A curse instead of a blessing.

“ Once

Once more then I'll take your Eurydice back,
" In reward for your playing so well,
" And free you for ever from petticoat sway,
" Such charms has your music in hell."

O N L O V E.

WITH bow unstrung, and arrows broke,
Young Cupid to his mother ran,
And tears fast gushing as he spoke,
He thus his sad complaint began :

" Ah ! where is now that boasted pow'r,
" Which kings and heroes once confests'd?
" I try my arrows o'er and o'er,
" But find they cannot reach the breast.

" I feel

“ I seek the rooms, the play, the ball,

“ Where beauty spreads her brightest charms :

“ But lost in crowds, my arrows fall,

“ And pleasure scorns my feeble arms.

“ Yet real pleasure is not there,

“ The phantom still eludes their aim ;

“ In dissipation's careless air

“ They seek her charms,—but seek in vain.

“ Here pride essays my dart to throw,

“ But from her hand they ne'er can harm,

“ For still she turns aside the blow—

“ Not beauty's self with pride can charm.

“ Coquetry here, with roving eyes,

“ Quick darts a thousand arrows round ;

“ She thinks to conquer by surprize,

“ But, ah ! those arrows never wound.

“ Here

“ Here cunning boasts to guide their course,

“ With cautious aim, and sly design ;

“ But still she checks her native force,

“ Touch’d by her hand, they drop from mine.

“ Here affectation taints the smile,

“ Which else had darted love around ;

“ The charms of art can ne’er beguile,—

“ But where shall nature’s charms be found ?

“ While these their various arts essay,

“ And vainly strive to gain the heart,

“ Good-sense disdainful turns away,

“ And reason scorns my pointless dart.

“ Yet they to Love were once ally’d,—

“ For Love could every joy dispense ;

“ Sweet Pleasure smil’d by Virtue’s side,

“ And Love was pair’d with Innocence.”

Fair

Fair Venus clasp'd her darling child,

And gently sooth'd his anxious breast :—

“ Resume thy darts, she said, and smil'd,

“ Thy wrongs shall quickly be redress'd.

“ With artless blush, and gentle mien,

“ With charms, unknowing art or care,

“ With all the Graces in her train,

“ The lovely ANNA * shall appear.

“ Go then, my boy, to earth again,

“ Once more assume despotic pow'r :

“ For Modesty with her shall reign,

“ And Sense and Reason must adore.”

* Miss A. MEYNELL.

Bouts Rimées.

Invocation on the Death of Mr. HANDEL.

COME, sweet Musæus, (angels weep thy stay)
 Join kindred strains, and bend this blissful way;
 Come, sweet Musæus, aid our pure design;
 Thy heavenly tributes due, proud earth, resign.
 When prostrate saints thy songs, enraptur'd, tender,
 When burning seraphs loud hosannas render,
 Th' angelic host shall feel new joys abound,
 Hush their own harps, and shout, "let his resound."

 No. X.

 ENIGMA. **** A—K—N, *Esq.*

IN dancing, from time should you happen to stray,
 Attend to my voice, and you'll soon find the way:

To

To inspire mirth and joy is my greatest design,
 Though sometimes to sorrow, my pow'rs I resign.
 My person is small, and my frame is but tender,
 Yet my neck to men's hands I freely surrender;
 And with talents so rare does my nature abound,
 That in places most sacred I sometimes resound.

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Nancy Dawson*.

YE belles, ye beaux, ye wits, and all,
 From concert, cotillon, and ball,
 Come, come with me, attend the call
 Of Miller, at Batheaston.

No roof on earth with her's can vie
 For mirth, and easy pleasantry;
 Come, feast your ear, and please your eye,
 With Miller, at Batheaston.

Amelia's rising charms you'll see,
And hear the notes of S—, A—, B—,
Rehears'd in sweetest melody

By Miller, at Batheaston.

Sweet Pitt, and Meynell, lovely pair !
And Johnston, too, will sure be there ;
Selected all with greatest care

By Miller, at Batheaston.

Old Tully's vase you there will find,
Replete with verse of every kind,
To form a wreath, the brow to bind

Of Miller, at Batheaston.

Haste, haste then all, to celebrate,
With jocund mirth and joy elate,
The easy pomp and happy state

Of Miller, at Batheaston.

Pale Envy, keep thou far away,—
 In town thou'lt find sufficient prey ;—
 Nor near the festive bower stray
 Of Miller, at Batheaston.

But hither, pr'ythee hither flee,
 Ye Muses nine, and Graces three,
 And follow, follow, follow me
 To Miller, at Batheaston.

Bouts Rimées.

A W I S H.

W	HENE'ER my lot in life is fix'd by	chance,
Far be it mov'd from Envy's prying		glance ;
Where I may wander free each rising		morn,
When pearly dew-drops Nature's charms		adorn :

Near to the covert of some woody hill,
 Whose side is water'd by a purling rill;
 There, as I stray, some pleasing subject chuse,
 And in sweet solitude invoke a muse.

SUBJECT. FASHION.

**** K—N—N.

FROM Fashion's sons, whose minds are
 form'd on chance,
 Whose lives are but a whim, and thought a glance,
 Far thence remov'd, let me, each rising morn,
 The Fashions watch that Nature's scenes adorn;
 Bend o'er the landscape from some cloud-top'd hill,
 Or deep in shady woods admire the rill:
 Thus, by Love's magic guarded, would I chuse,
 To court religion, science, and the muse.

SUBJECT.

S U B J E C T. *The Month of April.*C. W. B—F—LD, *Esq.*

COME, April, month of various kinds,
 With Summer's sun, and Winter's winds,
 Whose varied clime, and lengthen'd day,
 Blend show'ry March with blooming May;
 Capricious month ! who oft can shew
 A vi'let in a bed of snow,
 Mourning its wasted ill-plac'd charms,
 Like beauteous youth in age's arms.

Come,—but preserve thy softer grace,
 And wear thy younger spring-time face;
 Such as, in mild Arcadian bowers,
 The shepherds view thee crown'd with flowers;
 When many a youthful swain is seen
 Weaving gay chaplets on the green,

To deck the nymph, whose laughing eye,
 In dalliance mocks his tender sigh ;
 Though pleas'd to see his constant flame,
 Come Spring, come Winter, still the same.

But hide, oh ! hide thy brow severe,
 Stern remnant of past seasons dear !
 The bleak east wind, the rattling hail,
 That sweeping down th' affrighted dale,
 Blight the young king-cups in their bed,
 And bruise the early cowslip's head ;
 Whilst the young swallow's eager haste
 Is check'd by many a wintry blast,
 Who mourns the treach'rous smiles of Spring,
 And, drooping, hangs her lifeless wing.

Alas, poor bird ! thy source of woe
 The giant sons of reason know ;

Their

Their brightest prospects as they rise
 Are clouded o'er like April skies :
 And Hope, whose sweetly-tempting ray
 First led them on their vent'rous way,
 Leaves them, dejected and forlorn,
 To lose the rose, and grasp the thorn.
 Fate's adverse storms that gather round,
 Deforming all their fairest ground,
 Prove the sad maxim but too true,
 That they, alas ! as well as you,
 Trusting too far an April sun,
 Droop, disappointed and undone.

Same Subject. J. G—CH, Esq.

CAPRICIOUS April ! like the smiling fair,
 Blooming with charms, inconstant as the air,

Produces

Produces changes in the youthful heart,
 Too prone to take the light and fickle part.
 The tender youth now feels the power of love ;
 Now the coy nymph has April showers to move ;
 Capricious Love in various shapes appears,
 All heat and ardour, or all storms and tears ;
 The hopeless passion, Winter long conceal'd,
 Shall, with success, in April be reveal'd.
 That genial warmth, which has inspir'd the youth,
 Shall teach the fair one to believe his truth ;
 And the same sun which softens female hearts,
 To Nature's bosom boundless gifts imparts.
 April unlocks the frozen breast of earth,
 And gives the flowers, to deck her bosom, birth ;
 The golden crocus blazons Nature's Spring,
 With mild gradations does her work begin ;

The white-rob'd snow-drop, with retiring grace,
 Like virgin modesty, conceals her face :
 All vegetation now exerts her power,
 And life and strength receives from every shower ;
 Progressive charms in April daily shines,
 But yet *Perfection* she to May resigns :
 For still the contest 'twixt the heat and cold
 Makes bursting plants so cautiously unfold
 Those timid charms, which youth should always boast,
 Unkindly dealt with may be ever lost.
 So gentle April shall subdue at last
 The nipping frost, and cruel northern blast.

Yet, if the sages have determin'd right,
 That joys in prospect give us most delight ;
 That human nature, never finding rest,
 Still think the distant object always best ;

Sure

Sure April, then, has this peculiar power,—
 Gay Hope attends the sun-shine and the shower;
 Bright Hope in April gilds the length'ning day,
 For April leads old Time to jocund May:
 And April shall that pleasing dream bestow,
 That whispers, Summer shall with joy o'erflow:—
 Yet, when indulgent Fancy's dream is o'er,
 We find that happiness still flies before.
 Thus April fools begin again the year,
 And court delusion, though it costs us dear.

SUBJECT. BEAUTY.

Lord Viscount. P—M—T—N.

ENCHANTING nymph! of heav'nly birth!
 Celestial Beauty! sent on earth

To

To sooth our toils, our cares, our strife,
And gild the glooms that sadden life :
Thine empire countless millions own,
And every clime reveres thy throne.
Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,
From frolic youth to serious age,
To thy resistless power they bow,
While Nature prompts the artless vow.

Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,
For thee the Wretch endures to live :
To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,
For thee the Hero dares to bleed :
Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,
Ambition drops his airy schemes :
To purchase thee, from caverns deep
The Miser brings his treasur'd heap :

The

The Sage, with Reason's boasted arms,
 A-while may combat Beauty's charms ;
 But soon a bursting sigh will prove
 That reason never conquer'd love:

If e'er I bow'd before thy shrine,
 And hail'd thy power with rites divine,
 O blest Enchantress ! deign to tell
 In what consists thy magic spell :—
 Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays
 Eclipse the di'mond's fainter blaze ?
 A cheek, that shames the vernal rose ?
 A breast, that vies with mountain snows ?
 A mouth, that smiles with matchless grace,
 Like pearls within a ruby case ?
 A form, like that which once was seen
 On Ida, when the Cyprian Queen

Disclos'd

Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,
 Contending for the golden prize?—
 These may ~~our~~ warmest passions fire,
 And kindle every fierce desire;
 But Love, upheld by these alone,
 Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,
 And holds a poor precarious sway,
 The short-liv'd tyrant of a day!

Or e'en to form a nymph complete,
 If all the various charms could meet
 That each divided bosom warm,
 And every throbbing pulse alarm;
 When Johnston, Meynell, Pitt, advance,
 And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,
 And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,
 Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air;

Yet

Yet these were vain, unless to these
 Was join'd that secret power—to please !
 That nameless something—undefin'd—
 That soft effusion of the mind !
 Which sweetly smiles in every face,
 To every motion lends a grace ;
 And when their Beauty points a dart,
 Impels, and guides it to the heart.

In vain the stealing hand of Time
 May pluck the blossoms of their prime :
 Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,
 How lilies droop, and roses fade ;
 But Constancy's unalter'd truth,
 Regardful of the vows of youth ;
 Affection, that recalls the past,
 And bids the pleasing influence last,

Shall still preserve the lover's flame,
 In every scene of life the same :
 And still with fond endearment blend
 The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

Bouts Rimées.

BLEST is the man who sees the coming	Spring,
Its beauties open, and its treasures	bring :
Who views the gladsome bloom on every	tree,
And, like the season, feels his bosom	free ;
To him in choicest guise the sun and	rain
Shed their alternate influence on the	plain ;
And pleas'd he roams the yet uncertain	field,
Who lets his soul to just contentment	yield.

SUBJECT. *The Month of April.*

Rev. Mr. JENNER.

COME, thou harbinger of pleasure,

Gentle daughter of the

Spring,

All thy stores in countless measure,

Mingling fragrance, with thee

bring.

Torpid nature now renewing,

Laughing, shews on every

tree,

How thy breath the clouds pursuing,

Broke their bonds, and set her

free.

Waft thy gifts in southern showers,

Sunshine now, and genial

rain ;

At thy call unnumber'd flowers

Starting forth, shall strew the

plain.

Thus

Thus led on, in smiles contending,

Summer sees each striving field;

(Joy to swains, and vigour lending)

An exuberant harvest yield.

To Mrs. MILLER.

To the gay lawn, or softly-murmuring spring,

Why should the muse her votive tribute bring?

The humble shrub, the loftier tow'ring tree,

Her verse shall scorn, in native dalliance free,

And sing Thee mistress of that vocal plain,

Where wit descends, like mild refreshing rain;

In Thee we find for praise the amplest field,

To Thee the laurel and the bays we yield.

Lord Visc. P—M—T—N, upon Batheaston Villa.

HERE, the fair season of returning Spring
 The earliest tribute of the year shall bring;
 With the first honours clothe each spreading tree,
 And the pent flowers from earth's cold prison free.
 Here then, my Muse, if e'er Elysian plain
 Can wake thy voice, and prompt th' harmonious strain,
 With rival bards advent'rous take the field,
 Nor the bright palm without a contest yield.

*Hon. Master FIELDING, second Son to the Earl of
 DENBIGH, eleven Years old.*

HAIL, blooming Goddess! welcome, genial Spring!
 Accept the flow'ry chaplet that I bring!
 Now rural swains recline beneath the tree,
 From care malignant, and ambition, free.

Now

Now lively green adorns the neighb'ring plain,
 Moist'n'd by showers of descending rain ;
 The gay parterre, the garden, and the field,
 Sweet fruit, sweet herbs, and sweeter flowers yield.

Lord Viscount. P—M—T—N. To the Spring.

TO hail thy wish'd return, delightful Spring!
 Behold how fair a train their chaplets bring !
 Blythe as the feather'd songsters, warbling free,
 Who own thy genial power on every tree ;
 Soft as thy zephyr's wings, when balmy rains
 Have scatter'd fragrance o'er the smiling plains ;
 Oh ! ne'er while these adorn the grove and field,
 Shall fair BATHEASTON to Arcadia yield.

Bouts Rimées.

The Lover's Invitation on MAY-DAY.

By the same.

W HILE Nature's warblers fill the	trees,
And zephyr wakes his gentlest	breeze,
Come forth, my Fair, to hail the	day,
That ushers in the sprightly	May:
Let's twine a wreath with vi'lets	blue,
Sweet emblem of affection	true!
Come forth, my Fair, nor thus	employ,
In fruitless dreams, the hour of	joy.

By the same.

C OME, vernal zephyrs, and with gentle	breeze,
Tempt my fair Delia to yon shady grove,	
	Where

Where birds in rival notes salute the trees,
And chaunt the blessings of contented love.

Let me, my Delia, through life's busy May,
When youth with beauty's aid can sweetly charm,
With love adorn the summer's live-long day,
For wint'ry cold must ev'ry pow'r disarm.

Now heav'n, propitious, smiles serenely blue,
Haste thee, fair Delia, to my longing sight ;
And when thy shepherd ceases to be true,
Oh ! wrap my falsehood in eternal night.

Encreasing bliss shall every hour employ ;
Of Delia's charms the echoing vale shall ring :
The neighb'ring swains, tho' envious of my joy,
With ceaseless note our mutual loves shall sing.

S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

WHILST Maro in lofty heroics delights,
 To sing the great deeds which ambition excites,
 A theme more exalted inspires my lay,
 For Beauty invites, and with joy I obey.
 Instructed by Cupid, though humble my song,
 Undaunted I join the poetical throng ;
 And, pleas'd with the subject, attempt to rehearse
 The charms of my Chloe, in plain artless verse.

Milder than the summer's	breeze,
Tender as the budding	trees,
Blooming as the flow'ry	May,
Cheerful as the brightest	day,
Sweeter than the vi'let	blue,
As the turtle fond and	true ;

Be

Be thy beauty ever	verdant,
And my passion ever	ardent.

But ah ! my dear Chloe, how feeble, how faint,
 Is language, thy various beauties to paint !
 In vain do I strive thus, by words, to impart
 The pleasing ideas impress'd on my heart ;
 For know, lovely nymph, the soft pains that I feel,
 A flame sympathetic alone can reveal ;
 And still may that passion, which can't be express'd,
 For ever remain unimpair'd in thy breast.

Double Bouts Rimées.

IN silken garments, flutt'ring at the	breeze,
The sprightly Laura beckons to yon	trees ;
Calls me with her to grace the festal	day,
And join in honours to the coming	May ;
	To

To deck her altar with a ribbon	blue,
The sacred token of a passion	true ;
With her a-while the happy hour	employ,
And raise a trophy to the Queen of	Joy.

But I no longer feel the genial	breeze,
Fall'n are my roses, wither'd are my	trees ;
I know no hope from the returning	May,
Nor beats my bosom for the festal	day :
No garland decks my head with ribbons	blue,
Or anxious damsel doubts my passion	true ;
Yet, to the last, I will my verse	employ,
And praise the beauty that once gave me	joy.

J. M—LL—R, *Esq.*

MY Laura's fair amongst the fair,

Her breath is sweet as southern	breeze,
	Wafted

Wafted from Arabia's

trees,

And graceful is her air.

The artless nymph each heart beguiles,

When playful as the jocund

May,

She blushes like the infant

day,

Just soft'ning into smiles.

Of heaven's kind gifts she's sure the choice,

Her speaking eye is azure

blue :

She's fair, she's innocent, she's

true,

And music's in her voice.

Wouldst thou but kind, my Laura, prove,

With thee I'd every hour

employ

In some new bliss, or some new

joy,

Thou endless source of love !

WHAT

WHAT is Beauty ?—'tis a flower,
 Blown and wither'd in an hour ;
 'Tis a transient sunshine gleam
 Playing on the wanton stream ;
 'Tis a gift that heav'n bestows,
 Fatal oft to man's repose !
 'Tis a charm, in various kind,
 Binding fast the willing mind :
 Sparkles bright in MEYNELL's eyes,
 Source of vows and tender sighs ;
 Gives to ASGYLL power to move
 Each obdurate heart to love ;
 Sheds on SPENCER brightest day ;
 Gives to JOHNSTONE boundless sway :
 'Tis a power that all subdues ;
 'Tis the idol of the muse !

When

When to sense and virtue join'd,
'Tis the boast of woman-kind ;
'Tis, without them, but a name,
'Tis a bauble, 'tis a dream,
'Tis the source of woe and shame.

}

To Mrs. MILLER.

DEAR Madam ! befriend
These verses I send,
From you a protection they pray ;
My ambition is checkt,
Should they meet with neglect,
Or should you prove unkind to my lay.

The clarion of fame
Aloud doth proclaim
The inhabitant fair of BATHEASTON ;

And the Goddeſſes Nine
Bow down to your ſhrine,
And joyous your goodneſs oft feaſt on.

From Ierne's ſam'd ſhore
I am juſt waſted o'er,
Old Lud's town demands my attention ;
Or bold I'd aſpire
To ſtrike Clio's lyre,
And for you rack my thoughts and invention.

I'd try to excel
Each beau and each belle,
The ſam'd SPRIG from your hand to obtain ;
No honour ſo bright
E'er adorn'd a bold Knight,
Or Cræſus' wealth equal'd the gain.

In Beauty's sweet praise
 I'd attune my fond lays,—
 No subject so pleasing, and fine ;
 Each female possessing
 This wonderful blessing,
 From mortal is rais'd to divine.

S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

**** K—N—N, *Esq.*

COME all ye fair females, of every station,
 Who a proverb of fame have bestow'd on the nation,
 Attend to my ditty, to Beauty design'd,
 For Beauty to age nor degree is confin'd.

Derry down.

But chief to the praise I aspire in my song,
 Of the Beauties old Avon's green meadows among,
 That

That circle so favour'd, who, pleasure to seek,
Assemble round Miller's fam'd vase once a week.

Derry down.

From Beauty our richest enjoyments all spring,—
The cobbler has felt it, and so has the king :
Its effects are the same, whether real 'tis found,
Or only existing on ideal ground.

Derry down.

The sportsman who eagerly drives o'er the plain,
The hounds all his music, and labour his gain,
Would find his rough joys want their crown of delight,
If Beauty came not with a welcome at night.

Derry down.

The soldier, his sword when for honour he draws,
His heart beating high in his country's dear cause,

Feels

Feels pleasure extatic ; though wounded, he bleeds,
If Beauty should hear, and approve of his deeds.

Derry down.

And when to his home he returns from the war,
All cover'd with laurels, and many a scar,
The prize he most values on earth, is the smile
Of Beauty, which far overpays all his toil.

Derry down.

The hard-hearted Miser, whose life is his wealth,
Neglectful alike of fame, quiet, and health,
Tho' his hand from distress can a farthing withhold,
Yet Beauty shall tip all his fingers with gold.

Derry down.

Thus Beauty is found o'er the world to preside,
The great spring of actions, of councils the guide ;

The madness of youth, and the warmth of old age,
Gives wit to a fool, and makes fools of the sage.

Derry down.

This blessing, my fair ones, if well understood,
To make you all charming, must make you all good:
That maid we'll distinguish, as first of her kind,
Whose beauty is less in her face than her mind.

Derry down.

SUBJECT, *The Pleasures of the Chase.*

AURORA spread her graces o'er the lawn,
And modest Twilight shun'd th' approaching dawn.
When, light as air, Diana left her bed,
A silver crescent's beams adorn'd her head;
Her golden locks in waving ringlets hung,
A well-stor'd quiver o'er her back was slung;

With nicest touch her fingers press the bow ;
In graceful folds her azure vestments flow.

Array'd, in chearful haste she call'd around,
Her Nymphs, as quick as thought, obey the sound ;
With courteous speech each Nymph she then address'd,
Her eyes betoken'd what her tongue express'd :
Then, smiling round,—“ This day pursue the chace,
“ And Cla'rton's Down shall be th' appointed place.”
Each Nymph obedient to her office fled—
Her train, with graceful steps, the Goddess led.

Alarm'd, up flew in haste the spotted deer,
And, trembling, saw his death approaching near ;
Then pours his airy soul in winged speed,
And bounds exulting o'er the turfy mead.
Some aim the winged dart with skilful hand,
While some let loose the greyhound from his band ;

Then full and bold the jocund horns resound ;
 The hills, rejoicing, echo back the sound :
 Now down direct the sun had shot his ray,
 When conquests crown'd the labours of the day.

The chase thus o'er, each beautiful Nymph reclin'd
 Around the Goddess, who, with accent mild,
 " Let us, says she, refresh our wearied powers,
 " Not far from hence are many friendly bowers ;
 " Of one I know—Apollo often talks,
 " 'Tis that he visits in his morning walks :"
 She spoke—up rose, attentive all her train,
 The Zephyrs fann'd them as they trod the plain.

Now, full in view, a graceful Villa rose,
 Its polish'd sides the neighb'ring oaks enclose ;
 Below, in circles falls a rough cascade ;
 A dusty mill adorns the willows' shade.

To This, at length, the blooming Goddess came,
 Invited by its hospitable name,
 When, strange to tell; within she met her BROTHER;—
 Astonish'd both, they gaz'd upon each other :
 When thus Apollo :—" Joyfully I greet
 " Your first arrival at my fav'rite seat ;
 " For you, as well as I, have here a place,
 " My wit best prospers in your modest grace.
 " Not e'en at Ephesus your silver shrine
 " Receiv'd more honours, nor at Delphos mine."
 The Goddess smiling, granted his request,—
 BATHEASTON VILLA doubly thus was bless'd,
 By Beauty grac'd, by attic Wit caress'd.

BEAUTY, and the PLEASURES of the CHACE.

OH, ye Nimrods in green,
 Who delight in the scene
 Of fox-hounds and harriers,
 And curs, you call tarriers,
 Who o'er stiles, gates, and ditches,
 In your tight doe-skin breeches,
 Endanger your necks for a name :
 Though a hunter, like you,
 Finer sport I pursue ;
 Hark away, to my hollow,
 To BATHEASTON all follow,
 Beauty there with her Graces,
 The high prize of the Chace is,
 And HARRIOT *, dear HARRIOT, 's my game.

* Miss M—N—LL.

The POWERS of IMAGINATION.

LINES upon seeing a very fine PICTURE,
representing a TEMPEST.

J. M—LL—R, *Esq.*

THE storm is up, the driving rain
 Sweeps along th' affrighted plain ;
 Deep thunders roll, the lightnings play,
 And darkness veils the face of day ;
 The clouds dissolv'd, come pouring down,
 And all the peasants' labours drown ;
 The hapless peasants speed their flight
 Through unknown paths, involv'd in night,
 Nor shelter find ;—their friendless flocks
 Dash wildly o'er the hanging rocks,
 Now scramble up the tott'ring steep,
 Now down the headlong vallies sweep.

F 4

Through

Through lab'ring clouds, a shooting ray
 Reveals the terrors of the day ;
 The warring wind's resistless stroke
 Beats to the ground the stubborn oak ;
 The tower, the castle, form'd for strength,
 To their wild fury yield at length :
 Prostrate the aged ruins lie,
 Aloft in air the fragments fly ;
 Dangers abroad, and rage, and sound,
 And stench, and horrors, all around.

Am I deceiv'd, or do I dream ?
 Things are not what to me they seem ;
 For Phœbus now, with brightest ray,
 Adds splendor to the soft'ning day :
 'Tis brilliant all, and scarce a breeze
 Is heard to whisper through the trees ;

Some wayward power with magic wiles,
Or Merlin, sure, my sense beguiles :
Can Art fair Nature thus deform ?
Yes,—BAMPFYLDE's pencil gave the Storm *.

* C. W. BAMPFYLDE, Esq.

No. XI.

E N I G M A.

I LIVE in the breeze,
I sleep in the trees,
In blossoms of May
I gambol all day ;
O'er red, green, and blue,
I wander, 'tis true ;
Yet sweet's my employ
To give you all joy.

SUBJECT.

S U B J E C T. D A N C I N G.

Mrs. M—LL—R.

THE Muses are Ladies so bashful and shy,
When I ask'd their assistance, they all cry'd—O fie!
Though Helicon rings with our music and prattle,
To a ball we prefer the din of a battle;
So making my curt'sey, I soon took my leave
From a circle so prudish—you all may believe.
Thus left in the lurch, I implore *your* compassion,
If I fail in relating the different fashion,
The rise and the progress of Jigging, and Prancing,
From times most remote, to French Opera Dancing.

From Castor and Pollux, those twins of renown,
Arose the great dance taught at Lacedæmon;

Then

Then a son of Achilles, with a barbarous name *,
 Taught his soldiers to dance—those Cretans of fame.
 Wife Philosopher Socrates also would know,
 From Aspasia the Fair, how to well point a toe.
 Pompous nuptials and feasts—e'en the grave Funeral
 Was danc'd at by princes, priests, people, and all.
 In these later days, an old king of France †,
 To augment the Carousal, caus'd horses to dance;
 What bounding, curveting, what neighing, and kicking!
 Sure this sight far surpass'd a Newmarket meeting.
 At this horse-ball don't wonder—for, without any trope,
 Grave Pliny says, elephants danc'd on a rope ‡.

* Neoptolemus.

† Louis the XIIIth of France caused a dance of horses to be exhibited at a Grand Carousal.

‡ Pliny asserts this, book the 8th, chap. the 2d.—Also Suetonius and Seneca.

But

But 'twould take too much time was I to rehearse
 The dances of brutes and of trees in my verse * :
 And I'm sure I should tire you if I was to tell
 Of *Francis*, of *Harry*, up to *Philip the Bel* †,
 What great monarchs have strove in the dance to excel. }
 Now suffice it to all, that one *Thoinot Arbeau*,
 To the great joy of France a system did shew,
 Where all movements and steps for the dance are wrote
 down,

'Tis not many years since, as the *Opera* will own,—
 That *Opera*, whose grandeur exceeds all compare!
 There *Olympus* descends with the *Pleasures* in rear ‡.

* The author refers to the fable of *Orpheus*.

† Kings of France, all famous for dancing.

‡ In the Opera of *Castor and Pollux* (as represented on the Theatre in the Palais Royale at Paris) the whole Court of *Olympus* descends with the *Pleasures*, (represented by beautiful young girls,) who form a ballette.—Mademoiselle Guimard is famous in a ballette, called *Armida*; as is Mademoiselle Allard in another, called *Athletic Sports*.—The two dancers, called *Gardel* and *Vestris*, are the most esteemed in Europe, and are rivals in the art.

See what heroes and heroines in triumph advance,
 Nodding plumes, brilliant diadems, join in the dance;
 See the arts of *Armida*, combin'd in *Guimard*,
 In the *Athletic games* behold vig'rous *Allard*;
 For *Gardel* and *Vestris* whole armies divide,
 But I can't on *their merits* pretend to decide.
 So adieu, my dear friends, for I've led you a dance—
 If you want to know more, I shall wish you in France.

No. XII.

Enigma, and Bouts Rimées.

E——D D—X, *Esq.*

THOUGH dull as a post, I frequently	shine,
For the wittiest things that are wrote now, are	mine ;
Though older than Paul's, still pleasure I	give,
And shall be admir'd as long as I	live ;
S	From

From my musty old corpse, fair offsprings still rise,
 And I now teem with one that will bear off the prize.

A RICHER jewel than the gems that shine,
 In the rich bosom of Potosi's mine,
 This VASE contains : Its magic pow'r shall give,
 The works of Genius through an age to live ;
 Bid them to Envy's blast superior rise,
 And earn from MILLER's hand the laurel'd prize.

R. S—M—G, *Esq.*

YE bards again with wonted lustre shine,
 The Muse once more, the fav'rite Muse, is mine;
 This day return'd, must pleasing transport give;
 So MILLER speaks, and all the Muses live.
 At emulation's call new bards shall rise,
 And they who best deserve, receive the prize.
 FAIR

F AIR MILLER's splendid talents	shine,
Like brilliant gems from Indian	mine ;
Mines of gems I'd freely	give
With her to converse while I	live ;
Phœbus each morn would envious	rise,
To see me blest with such a	prize.

G—E OGLE, *Esq.*

R ICH must each gem in native lustre	shine,
That ripens in the Muse's sacred	mine ;
To each bright drop the beams of Phœbus	give
Creative warmth, and bid the diamond	live :
Thus from the holy vase shall genius	rise ;
Thus MILLER's smiles confirm, and dignify the	prize.

YE

YE tuneful Nine ! forsake the Aonian grove,
 And, by Apollo's order, hither move ;
 Let the three Graces aid the tuneful Nine,
 To twine a garland round fair MILLER's shrine.
 VENUS, with silken reins, shall guide her doves
 To MILLER's seat attended by the Loves.
 TULLY himself shall plead each fair-one's case,
 And, as a pledge, has hither sent this Vase.

☞ A particular Wreath was given to THIS ;—it being
 the Production of

*Miss **** BURGESS, at ten Years old.*

D IRECT me, Phœbus, how to	shine,
And let the Poet's prize be	mine.
So shall I grateful offerings	give ;
So shall my name for ever	live.

To

To thee shall clouds of incense rise,
If I can gain bright MILLER'S prize.

LET loud ambition in the Senate shine,
Love, and the rural Muse, in peace, be mine !
Here, where congenial souls united live,
'Midst all that Taste and Elegance can give !
To Phœbus *here* such incense shall arise,
That e'en Castalia's * springs must yield the prize.

* The Muses used to frequent the waters of Castalia, as our British Ladies do those of Bath : They were singular inspiratives of Wit and Festivity.

SUBJECT, *The second Time of opening of the
Tusculum Vase, at Batheaston Villa.*

**** B—R—SS, *Esq.*

HENCE, each frown, and wrinkled care,
To your dark abode repair !

Nor trespass on the sacred rites
 To which fair MILLER's voice invites.
 But come each gay, each winning Smile,
 And Jest, which labour can beguile ;
 Complacency, and pleasing Joy,
 With Mirth that knows not of alloy.
 Hither haste each gentle swain,
 Seek BATHEASTON's shades again ;
 Each with his Fair-one in his hand,
 Whose eyes no mortal hearts withstand :
 'Tis MILLER bids, the call obey,
 To pleasure dedicate the day.

Approach with a respectful eye,
 And view the sacred vase on high :
 Ah ! far beyond all vases blest,
 The first of all antiques confess !

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy, was its doom,
 When, in the envied days of Rome,
 At *Tusculum* it grac'd the board,
 And boasted TULLY for its Lord.
 What mirth convivial then it saw !
 When those who gave to worlds the law,
 Who honours shar'd, almost divine,
 Together quaff'd the gen'rous wine.
 But honours greater still await,
 Provided by auspicious fate ;
 See, now on MILLER's board it stands,
 And courts a treat from Beauty's hands.
 With emulation fir'd, the Fair
 The choicest, purest gifts prepare ;
 Around it croud the great, the gay,
 The tribute of a verse to pay :

While smiling belles, and happy beaux,
The variegated prospect close.

Quick the happy minute seize ;
Write with transport and with ease ;
Careless let your verses roll ;
Breathe th' effusions of the soul.
We want no borrowed aid of art
Whenever HARDINGE warms the heart ;
Love alone the bard inspires,
When his breast fair DUTTON fires.
PITT and DIGBYS', lovely pair !
Claim the poet's choicest care ;
And others, whom surrounding sighs
Upbraid with wounds of murd'rous eyes.

But, alas ! my aching sight
Bears no more th' assemblage bright :

Ye belles ! my feeble lines forgive,
 Ah ! sweetly smile, and let them live.
 But hold—fond hopes invade my mind,
 Blest immortality to find !
 Verse shuns the fate of mortal things,
 While it Worth and Beauty sings ;
 Ne'er can die the happy lines
 Where fair PRATT unrival'd shines ;
 This preserves the poet's name,
 This insures an endless fame.

On the same. Mrs. M—LL—R.

ASSIST me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,
 So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

And O ! thou hallow'd shade *, be ever near,
 Protect thy urn, and hear a votary's pray'r :

* The shade of CICERO.

Inspire these rival bards with powers to shine
 Sublime in thought, to elevate each line :
 Or teach with eloquence, like thine, to move
 Th' obdurate breast, and soften into love.
 And though they strive each other to excel,
 May never rancour in their bosoms dwell.
 The scowling eye, the smother'd laugh, portend
 That satire lurks beneath the vale of friend :
 Nor let pale Envy ever enter here,
 That foe to beauty, source of endless care.

Affist me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,
 So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

Ye Nymphs, who kindly leave Bath's giddy round,
 And seek these shades, to tread poetic ground,
 Whilst virtue, modesty, discretion, join,
 And candour from your eyes shed rays benign,

The Graces always near you shall appear,
 O'er your soft cheeks the rose shall bloom each year ;
 Immortal verse shall lend her heav'nly aid,
 Nor time, nor wint'ry blasts, those charms shall fade.

May each revolving sun, that gilds the skies,
 Still see the attic fire of TULLY rise :
 As the bright Phoenix, springing from the flame
 Of her enliven'd ashes, mounts to fame.

**** H—P—T—N, *Esq.* *On the same.*

SEE, MILLER, on man's various breast
 What different nature is impress !
 How distant the eccentric flight
 Of madd'ning fancy's tow'ring height,
 Which oft perverts by mere excess
 To evil, what was meant to bless.

From those dull elves, who, though they live,
 Scarce their existence can perceive;
 But, stupid as the earth they plough,
 Still thoughtless whistle as they go.
 Say, therefore, which should be preferr'd?
 Reason (if Reason's voice be heard)
 Will tell us, neither is the state
 Mark'd out for happiness by fate:
 That, though all bliss, as well as woe,
 Imagination can bestow,
 Too much or little will destroy,
 Or deaden every seed of joy.
 Then, of this dangerous gift, good heaven!
 To me be such a portion given,
 As may suffice for mis'ry near,
 To raise the sympathetic tear;

Or,

Or, at a friend's sad tale of woe,
To teach compassion's flame to glow ;
To paint more bright a summer's sky,
And gild the moments as they fly :
Grant me but this, ye powers divine !
And peace and happiness are mine.

*On omitting the ASSEMBLY at BATHEASTON
VILLA on GOOD-FRIDAY.*

Rev. Mr. G—VES.

[In Answer to an Epigram in the Bath Chronicle, and some
Acrostics in the same Style.]

IF “ want of decency (as Pope
Once taught) is want of sense,”
Regard to decency, I'd hope,
Gives none but fools offence :

Whole

Whose spleen polite assemblies move ;
For which their ill-bred wit,
Their flimsy, dull acrostics prove
Themselves not quite so fit.

Though bent in Nature's spight, to shine,
Their envious rhymes obtruded
But prove that they at joys repine,
From which they are excluded.

Let such, retir'd with birds of night,
Their gloomy fancies feast on,
Nor persevere to vent their spight
On innocent BATHEASTON.

Their company will ne'er be miss'd,
Unless a place to fill
With Invalids at drowsy Whist
Or Three-penny Quadrille.

SUBJECT,

SUBJECT, *The Month of MAY.*

DRYDEN, Milton, Pope, and Gay,

All have cull'd the sweets of May ;

Teach me, Clio, then to say

Something that is new on May :

Phœbus shoot your mildest ray

To bring forth the flowers of May ;

Philomela, from the spray,

Chaunt the pleasures of the May ;

GOOCHE's thousand charms survey,

She's in life's delightful May.

Why is Lady Crow-foot grey ?

She has past her Month of May.

MEYNELL can her hundreds slay,

Breathing forth the sweets of May ;

— she

—she sang that spiteful lay,
 When she miss'd her jocund May :
 Zephyrs, blow that wasp away
 From the guileless breast of May.
 Blooming HEBE, tell me, pray,
 Is not That the Queen of May ?
 Fragrant as the new-mown hay,
 Call her Goddess of the May ;
 With conscious worth she'll bound away,
 Sweeter and lovelier than May.
 Ye Fair-ones then no longer stay,
 Come the blythe, the young, the gay ;
 White-rob'd virgins haste away ;
 Come, ye sportive lambs, and play ;
 Let each fairy, and each fay,
 Sing a blithsome roundelay :

Pluck



Pluck the rose, without delay,
Pluck the myrtle, and the bay,
Weave a flow'ry wreath this day,
To welcome in this Queen of May.

S A M E S U B J E C T.

HAPPY Month ! to whom belong
Chearful dance, and sportive song ;
Deck'd in gaudy colours gay,
Hither come, delightful May !
Hither come, and with thee bring
Every flower that loves the Spring ;
Whether in fantastic vest
Thou delight'ft to grace our feast,
With mutter'd pray'rs, and tinkling sound,
Haunting the city's busy round ;

Or replete with every charm,
 Every Grace, our hearts to warm;
 Of all loveliness posselt,
 In SPENCER'S * form thou stand'st confest,
 Adding brightness to the day,
 Hither come, delightful May!
 And far behind thee bid retire
 The fullen Winter's gloomy fire,
 The piercing wind, and rattling hail,
 And snows that drive before the gale.
 What, though the midnight masquerade
 At thy approach begins to fade:
 Though luxury, with envious eye,
 Beholds the pleasing triumphs nigh,
 And revels wild that shun the day,
 When thou appearest, die away.

* Now Dutchess of Devonshire.

For ever be their mem'ry lost !
Far greater pleasures thou canst boast :
Their tasteless joys I glad resign,
For true delight alone is thine.

SUBJECT, *On* SOCIETY.

WERE my days again to pass,
Trickling through the sandy glass ;
And again to undergo
Varied scenes of joy and woe ;
Happy now in prosp'rous love,
Now by scorn to madness drove ;
With ambition now along
Riding through the servile throng ;
Now with kings in splendor seated,
Now disgrac'd, undone, and cheated ;

Transient

Transient rays of vision vain ;
Who for these would live again ?

Yet of folly's train bereft,
Social life has pleasures left ;
In mild Virtue's soft discourse,
And in manly Wisdom's force ;
In the Wife we love and trust,
In the Friend that's true and just ;
In the Son's atchievement keen,
In the Daughter's modest mien ;
Such GEORGINA * as we see,
Unaffected shines in thee ;
These to social life remain,
And for these I'd live again.

* Lady Georgina Spencer, now Dutcheſs of Devonſhire.

SUBJECT,

SUBJECT, FIRST *of* MAY.

Mrs. G—v—L.

PALE April, with her childish eye,
Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,
All unlamented hies away,
And leaves the world to Love and May.

MAIA comes ! fair Queen of Blooms,
Scattering round her choice perfumes :
Lo, she comes ! and leads her train
With songs and dances o'er the plain.

Cupid there, the wanton boy !
With every Grace, and every Joy ;
And rosy Youth, and gay Desire,
And Zephyrs, breathing amorous fire ;

See, they frolic,—hark ! they say,
“ Mortals, mortals, hail the May !”

Time and pleasures fly too fast,
Catch the blessings whilst they last ;
MAIA soon shall quit the plain,
Winter soon resume his reign.
Alas ! when once you leave the May,
All the sweets of life decay.

But see ! no more, no more complain,
HYMEN comes to join our train ;
The God descends,—sweet sounds declare
The God of heart-felt bliss is there.

HYMEN hail ! celestial boy !
Source of every virtuous joy ;
Life and Love, by heaven's decree,
Owe their choicest charms to thee.

Thou,

Thou, for such thy pow'r divine !
Can'st every earthly bliss refine ;
Improve the pleasures that are past,
And, by reflection, make them last.

SPENCER, DEVON, join the song,
To you these rapturous truths belong ;
Your hearts shall feel, your tongues shall say,
That henceforth every month is May.

Address'd to the Right Hon. Lady Georgina Spencer.

J. M—LL—R, Esq.

WELCOME, SPENCER, lovely maid !
Welcome to this happy shade ;
For happy shade it sure must be,
When bless'd with Beauty, blest with Thee.

Could I, like TEMPLE *, tune my voice,
 (TEMPLE, the Muses' fav'rite choice !)
 With notes as sweet, thy charms I'd raise,
 And fill the world with SPENCER's praise.

SPENCER, no less the poet's theme
 Than the fond painter's road to fame :
 Whatever RAPHAEL has express'd,
 Improv'd—thou stamp'st on every breast.
 Thou'st stole from GUIDO each soft grace,
 All that divinity of face
 Which CARLO gave, does in thee *shine*,
 And TITIAN's *glow* is *cold* to thine.

Oh ! blest beyond compare, is He,
 The Youth whom Fortune marks for Thee !
 That Youth †, whose merit we confess
 Just title to all happiness ;

* Lord Viscount PALMERSTON.

† His Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

Which kindly Fate ordains to prove
In SPENCER's charms, in SPENCER's love.

SUBJECT, PAINTING. A DREAM.

Mrs. M—LL—R.

REFULGENT, thro' the shades of night,
Bright Cynthia rose, and shed her silver light
Thro' parting clouds, which o'er the dusky glade
Guided my steps to seek the peaceful shade,
Where Philomela, on the flowery thorn,
Prolongs her plaintive song 'till rising morn !
But ere her love-lorn tale she could disclose,
Sleep o'er my listless limbs her poppies throws :—
Bright to my fancy rose the ELYSIAN plains,
Where faithful shades, with amaranthine chains,

Bind their chaste loves—who never more feel care,
(Eternal pleasures wait the constant Fair.)

There, Poets gain the never-fading wreaths ;
There, Heroes from the toils of war find ease ;
And there, the Sons of Science joy to find
Their due reward——of knowledge unconfin'd.

Methought I wander'd thro' these sacred groves,
When sudden to my view a temple rose,
Majestic columns (in fair order plac'd)
Sustain'd the dome, with verdant chaplets grac'd ;
Within the walls, I found my ravish'd sight
Surrounded with the works of each fam'd wight ;
From him who costly Egypt once adorn'd,
And Isis and Osiris rudely form'd,
Down to those later times, when Europe caught
The mimic art, and to perfection brought.

There, fam'd *Apelles* shew'd to wond'ring Greece
 All beauty's charms collected in one piece.
 In after ages, *Michael* * form'd that school
 Which Florence boasts, for just design the rule :
 At Rome great *Raphael* toil'd—in him we see
 Elegant forms, noble simplicity !
 Then Milan own'd a *Leonardo's* † fame—
 Fair sculpture, music, painting, grac'd his name.
 The glow of nature *Titian's* nymphs confess,
 Aurora's charms their golden locks express.
 For grace and ease, *Guido* with all may vie,—
 Correct his groupes, and cloath'd with dignity.
 On *Carrach*, *Guercin*, and *Correggio* great,
 Were fix'd my gazing eyes :—when, wond'rous to relate,
 A heav'nly form, array'd in azure bright,—
 Radiant *Britannia* ! stood before my sight :

* MICHAEL ANGELO.

† LEONARDO DA VINCI.

“ Hasten, she cry’d, and seek my happy isles,
“ Where *Royal Bounty* * on fair Genius smiles :
“ There *Nature* on the canvas starts to view,
“ With each revolving year their labours they renew :
“ Thus emulous to rival Greece, and Rome,
“ In a long line of artists yet to come.”—
Sudden I wak’d—a ray of Phœbus’ light
Shot thro’ the grove—Elysium fled my sight.

* The Author refers to the Royal Academy instituted for the encouragement of Painting.

Bouts Rimées.

MILLER, thy attic scenes	prolong,
The Sons of Harmony	among ;
Where candour, elegance, and	truth,
Charm serious age, and sprightly	youth.
	Far,

Far, far from Flatt'ry's arts	remote,
To thee my strains I here	devote ;
Those whom the myrtle wreath	surround,
Are, more than laureat bards,	renown'd.

On the closing of the VASE for this Season.

THE glory of this VASE may time	prolong,
Of Greece and Rome the classic names	among ;
No panegyric here can reach the	truth,
Where wit and beauty charm th' enamour'd	youth.
Ye Muses, soon from MILLER's groves	remote,
To plaintive elegy your strains	devote :
Ye dying Swans, the closing VASE	surround,
And sweetly sing its life, and death	renown'd.

To Mrs. MILLER. By the Hon. Mrs. G—V—L.

LED by a Sister of the tuneful Nine,
 To pay devotion at Apollo's shrine,
 Like Gallus, wandering to the gate, I come,
 And supplicate to view the Muses' dome ;
 Fearful, like him, ascend Parnassus' steep,
 Nor dare approach, unask'd, the sacred keep,
 Till You, who nearest to the God preside,
 Who rule his councils, and his favours guide,
 Vouchsafe to smile, and call me to his side.

On the Pleasures of Society at Batheaston Villa.

Mrs. M—LL—R.

ON the fair summit of a verdant lawn,
 Which Phœbus silvers with his earliest dawn,

There

There stands a Bower, inclos'd in lofty shade,
Save where it overlooks the fertile glade :—

What, though the front no stately columns boast,
Of costly marble, brought from Afric's coast ;

Nor swelling portico, with Grecian pride,

And sculptur'd pomp, advance its polish'd side ;

Yet blushing roses, wove with eglantine,

In sportive garlands round the portal twine :

There, sacred laurels spread their branches round,

There, aged rocks with hoary moss are crown'd ;

There the clear fountains in the sun-beams play,

Invite repose, and mitigate the day :

There, Flora paints the ground with fragrant flowers,

And the kind Spring bestows refreshing showers,

Teaching luxuriant branches how to shoot,

Their produce vying with th' Hesperian fruit :

There,

There, fertile fields the wealthy loads sustain,
 CERES' rich blessings rip'ning o'er the plain :—
 Oft to these shades a sprightly train repair,
 With song and dance the festive hours to wear ;
 And oft, resigning such tumultuous joys,
 Poetic themes the fleeting morn employs.
 THALIA, invok'd, shall hear the Poet's pray'r,
 And modest merit from oblivion spare.
 When *Taste* and *Wit* compose the polish'd line,
 And Fancy's flights within just bounds confine,
 With attic *elegance*, and *native ease*,
 The flowing verse can never fail to please.

Rivals in verse, and emulous for fame,
 With candour judge——be cautious how you blame.
 The liberal heart ne'er seeks to criticise,
 But joys to see the sparks of genius rise ;

The

The warm effusions of a generous breast :
 (Such fire celestial ne'er should be suppress !)
 From various genius, various numbers flow,
 When social mirth in all their bosoms glow ;
 For them the Muse shall strip th' Idalian groves
 Of myrtle wreaths, to grace the Bard she loves.
 Like a May morn, unclouded, and serene,
 In whose mild beams the promis'd day is seen,
 This fair Assembly shall more bright appear,
 Their wit more brilliant with the growing year :
 In Friendship's sacred bands may they still live,
 And TULLY's VASE again their lays receive.

The BEAUTIES *of* NATURE
compared with those of ART.

NO more of trivial ART,
By Fashion nourish'd, and from Folly born !
Your feeble aid I scorn :
What can your pow'r to scenes like this impart ?
Dwell in mechanic's brain ;
And ladies fond, with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay crowds which people this fair scene.

But come, sweet Nymph, from yonder shade,
In all thy native charms array'd.
(Not such as vainly strive to grace
The borrow'd shape, or wrinkled face,

Of

Of that proud Maid, whom courts might prize,

The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes ;)

But, 'midst these lawns and vallies train'd,

Artless, free, and unconstrain'd.

Though not in gorgeous splendor drest,

With blazing gems, or painted vest,

Or costly buskins wrought in gold,

Thy robes with ermine rich enroll'd :

A stole across thy shoulders bound,

Lightly trailing on the ground ;

With thy auburn tresses flowing

To the gale, (which gently blowing,

Seems with eager joy to sip

Hyblæan honey from thy lip,)

In greater splendor art thou seen

Than the great enthroned Queen.

Let us (shunning mortal fight)
 Together climb the mountain's height ;
 And, seated on the topmost row,
 Mark the various scenes below :
 Or teach me, Nymph, with thee to rove
 Through vale, or lawn, or shady grove ;
 And, as o'er NATURE's works we run,
 Teach me delusive ART to shun ;
 Teach me how She, divinely bright,
 Shines with a fix'd and steady light,
 Whilst Art, attempting Nature's ways,
 Reflects a faint, unsettled blaze.—
 Sweet warbler of the neighb'ring grove,
 Whose wild notes soothe the pangs of love,
 Who breathing forth thy nightly tale,
 Canst oft enchant the pleasing gale ;

Which

Which quickly catching sounds so clear,
 Wafts the soft notes to Damon's ear ;
 Whilst he, perhaps, in some alcove,
 Tunes his rustic pipe to love,
 Which strives, in vain, with thine t' agree,
 To sympathize, sweet Bird, with thee.
 Let Damon's pipe a-while be mute,
 The mellow warbling of the lute,
 Yea, all the sounds which Art can give,
 While thy sweet notes, alone, shall live.
 And every Nymph, with transport, tell,
 Of sweetly-pleasing Philomel,
 Till morn, in golden beauty drest,
 Shall rise resplendent from the East,
 And with his light the shepherd swain
 Resume his daily task again.

Where now has ART conceal'd her head ?

To courts, perchance, or cities fled ;

There sleeps absorb'd in pomp and pride,

While pageantry attends her side,

With tinsel'd forms of mimic state,

And round the couch in order wait.

Thou ne'er shalt rule in this gay scene,—

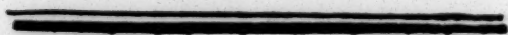
'Tis NATURE's work, and *She* is Queen ;

Who scorns to mix her pow'r, divine,

With such rude workmanship as thine,

Can NATURE then such transport give ?

No more with ART I mean to live.



SAME

S A M E S U B J E C T.

The D E C I S I O N. *A* T A L E.

AS NATURE and ART
Were walking apart,
They chanc'd for to meet at a Villa;
With pleasure they gaz'd,
Each beauty they prais'd,
And found it belong'd to fair MILLER.

“ I pray you,” says ART,
“ Make haste to depart,
“ This circle will NATURE disdain;
“ Your rustic attire
“ They cannot admire,
“ 'Tis too vulgar, too simple, and plain.

“ The elegant Belle,
“ Who means to excel,
“ Attends to my manner of pleasing ;
“ Will drefs out her hair,
“ Sigh, ogle, and stare,
“ And learn the right method of teasing.”

But NATURE, who knew,
Though lik'd but by few,
She was sure to be countenanc'd here ;
Replied, “ Indeed, ART,
“ 'Tis you should depart,
“ For, believe me, I've nothing to fear.

“ Though fimple and plain,
“ I yet am fo vain,
“ To hope I fhall now be admitted ;

“ These Judges, you’ll find,

“ To NATURE are kind,

“ By them I shall soon be acquitted.”

Cried ART, in a rage,

“ If you dare to engage,

“ We’ll apply to the Ladies, within ;

“ I’ll tell them the case,

“ And then your disgrace,

“ I am sure, cannot fail to begin.—

“ Pray, Ladies, (says she)

“ But listen to me,

“ And your voices, I know, I shall gain :

“ Plain NATURE pretends

“ You all are her friends,

“ But I the reverse do maintain.”

Bright MILLER reply'd,

Your case shall be try'd,

By all These whom BATHEASTON adorn:

They soon were agreed,

For *Nature* DECREED,

And *Art* was—rejected with scorn.

S A M E S U B J E C T.

Master S—H—B—G, sixteen Years old.

I.

NATURE and ART, if we compare,

The difference we see :—

NATURE is ever young and fair,

ART—only in degree.

Behold

II.

Behold the purple clouds which streak
The morning's dappled grey :—
Does the faint rose on Delia's cheek
Aurora's blush display ?

III.

View all Creation round, and then
Revolving thoughts pursue ;
Who was it form'd this mighty plan ?
And that——from nothing too !

IV.

Mis-shapen Chaos hid her head,
And, awe-struck at his nod,
Down to the dark, deep centre fled,
Confess'd the power of GOD.

V.

From where His Throne, immensely bright,
On Heaven's high pillars rais'd,
He call'd the glorious orbs of light,—
And forth the radiance blaz'd.

VI.

As with a span he measur'd space,
Earth trembled, Ocean roar'd ;—
And shall weak man presume to trace
Those worlds yet unexplor'd ?

VII.

Our knowledge circumscrib'd, in vain
Would *Nature's* secrets know :
Alas ! we scarcely can explain
The things we see below.

VIII.

Can all Golconda's precious mines
 (Come—bring it to the proof—)
Vie with one single star which shines
 In yon blue vaulted roof?

IX.

Or can the Lapidary's art,
 To gems of weaker rays,
The di'mond's brilliancy impart,
 Or give so strong a blaze?

X.

With that Carnation as it blows
 In yonder gay parterre,
Where every rich profusion glows,
 Can TITIAN's tints compare?

See,

XI.

See, where between the nodding boughs,
The Birds their nests prepare ;
Can human *Art* contrive a house
So elegant or fair ?

XII.

Could great Palladio build as well,
With like instinctive art,
As where the Beaver loves to dwell——
Design——in every part ?

XIII.

The bees' industrious care attend !
Their labour how refin'd !
Their policy——one noble end——
Instruction to mankind !

NATURE

XIV.

NATURE is unconfin'd, and bold,

Graceful are all her ways ;—

But ART, by wanton whim controul'd,

Charms, not her own, displays.

XV.

Know this great truth :—Say what you will,

NATURE her work compleats ;

But ART is *Nature's shadow still*,

And as a shadow fleets.



SAME

S A M E S U B J E C T.

Miss D—s.

DAME NATURE once, by Frolic led,
Forsook her native straw-built shed,
Her hills, and verdant greens,
To see the Town ; — for passing Fame
Had told her wonders of the same,
And gaily drew the scenes.

Arriv'd, — astonish'd she appear'd ;
The sights she saw, the sounds she heard,
Were wond'rous strange, she found ;
She call'd on *Modesty*, — but *She*,
With her sweet friend, *Simplicity*,
Were both gone out of Town.

As

As there, unknown, the pensive stray'd,
She *Fashion* met,—fantastic maid !——

And throwing forms aside,
She told her family, and name,
Her bus'ness there, from whence she came,
And beg'd she'd be her guide.

Says *Fashion*,——“ Yes ;—but first, my dear,
“ To form your shape, and dress your hair,
“ I'll lead you to the *Graces* ;
“ And then your *Chapron* I'll be,
“ Each curiosity to see
“ In all the public places.”——

Almack's, Soho, the Ball, the Play,
The Masque by night, the Park by day,——
Each various charm was try'd:

But

But NATURE, sick of Folly's scenes,

Sigh'd for her native homely greens,

And, parting, thus she cry'd :—

“ Oh ! race, to every beauty blind,

“ What fascination cheats the mind !

“ What more than magic shades !

“ What ! leave my lawns, by *Flora* drest,

“ My groves, where peace has built her nest,

“ My grottoes, and my glades !

“ Forego to hear the tutor'd note,

“ My Philomela's tuneful throat,

“ Whose note mellifluous flows !

“ Can ART, with all her faint perfume,

“ Or brightest colours, e'er presume

“ To emulate my Rose ?

“ But

" But since so far from me *She* strays,

" (As is the *ton* of present days)

" I feel a just disdain?

" *Genius* and *Taste* with me shall rove

" To seek sweet MILLER's shady grove,

" And there we'll fix our reign."

Bouts Rimées.

G— H—T, Esq.

An INVOCATION to MERCURY, as *God of Peace*,
upon the present *Dissensions* at BATH.

IMPERIAL Messenger of Jove,

Quick from the realms of day,

From Gods and Goddesses above,

To AVON haste away.

With olive crown'd, bid Discord cease,

Contending parties join ;

Thy *Caduceus* may to peace

Each tender breast incline.

But should our Youth, as some have said,

Reject both You, and Me,

May Beaux ne'er wed, and ev'ry Maid

Lead apes——by Jove's decree.

IMPATIENT, on this long-expected day,

When hastes each Muse, at MILLER's voice, away ;

Round TULLY's Urn in jocund band we join.

And ye, heav'n-lov'd, whom happy stars incline

To court the yielding Muse, Oh ! bend with me

To beauteous MILLER's unarraign'd decree.

THE

THE beauteous Flower my *Chloe* pluck'd to-day,
 To-morrow, wither'd, she will cast away ;
 But she herself can Art to Nature join,
 Bloom through all ages, still to love incline
 Our hearts.—O ! may she ever smile on me,
 No more I ask, nor more can Fate decree.

No. XIII.

Enigma, and Bouts Rimées.

THOUGH choice as the day,
 Some throw me away,
 And others to waste me incline ;
 But, in pity to me,
 'Tis fair MILLER'S decree,
 T'improve me, this party should join.

G—B OGLE, *Esq.*

ART, at BATHEASTON, on a certain day,
 Met NATURE, and thus vaunting talk'd away:—
 “ I smooth'd that slope, I led these views to join,
 “ I bade these waters fall, that hill incline.”
 ‘ True (replied NATURE) thus, by following ME,
 ‘ You'll ever please—— still bow to my decree.’

To the BEAUX ESPRITS of BATH.

I, PHOEBUS the Fidler, and King of the day,
 Who drive the dark clouds of thick dulness away,
 By consent of each Muse on Parnassus, enjoin,
 That where'er your great souls to poetics incline,
 Your toils you submit to fair MILLER, and ME,
 And bow, unrepining, to what We decree.

ODE *to the* ELEGIAC MUSE.

**** C—SS—NS, *Esq.*

I.

QUEEN of the mournful song !
Far from the gay and giddy throng,
The sons of dissonance and noise,
I seek your sober, pleasing joys !
Oh ! let me woo thee, pensive maid,
Where the tall cypress casts a solemn shade ;
Where the pale poplar whispers to the wind !——
Or if beside the Hero's urn reclin'd,
Or where my Delia's ashes rest, you deign
To breathe the Elegiac strain,—
Assist me, while with you I mourn
Beside my Delia's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn !

II.

What stately form attracts my wondering eye,
That wrapt in stole of purple hue,
With step majestic, passes by?
A dagger in her hand she bears,
Wet with blood, and wet with tears ;—
My wondering eyes the stately form pursue :
Now, erect she points to heaven,
Now, bending o'er the earth, she seems to view
Some horrid image to her fancy given——
She starts, she trembles,—and, in wild despair,
Rents her robe, and tears her hair :——
And now, as if by every woe oppress'd,
She sheaths the pointed dagger in her breast.
——In haste I leave the tragic form, to mourn
Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

III. COMUS,

III.

COMUS, be gone, with all thy noisy crew !

To your delusive joys I bid adieu !

And though THALIA join your train,

With nimble step, and mimic grace,

With laughter bursting on her face,

I feel that all your joys are pain,

While breathing forth the melancholy strain,

In sadly-pleasing notes, I mourn

Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

IV.

Queen of the mournful song !

Inspir'd by thee, I tune the pensive lay,

The verdant meads and flowery vales among.

—How sweet at evening hour to stray,

When the sun lingers on the distant hill,

To where the woodbine blows :
 And listening to the murmuring rill,
 Enjoy a pleasing, calm repose,
 Which festive pleasure never knows :——
 While, borne upon the rising gale,
 The knell resounds along the vale :——
 But oh ! 'tis sweeter far with thee to mourn,
 Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

E P I T A P H.

I.

SWEET as the rose was DELIA's early bloom !
 With every grace and every virtue blest !
 Fate bore my DELIA to the silent tomb ;——
 Beneath this stone her sacred ashes rest.

II. And

II.

And near at hand, the sculptur'd arms declare
The heroic worth of him who sleeps below !—
Amid the dangers and the din of war,
Death, haughty victor, gave th' untimely blow.

III.

Beauty and Valour dead demand our woe !—
To them, the weeping Muse her trophy rears !
Delia forgive,—if, as my sorrows flow,
I mix the *Patriot's* with the *Lover's* tears !

ODE to Mrs. MILLER,

Under the Name of MYRA.

VENUS, in vain the *Paphian* Nymphs
With busy care thy groves attend ;

In vain distill'd from copious urns
Refreshing dews each eve descend ;

Let *Phæbus*, and his laurell'd train,
Be witness, with the tuneful *Nine*,
The Sprig, from *Myra's* myrtle cropt,
Shines brighter far, nor fades like thine.

The Garland, wrought by *Myra's* hand,
Fair meed of worth ! with wond'rous charms
Adds strength to Fancy's tow'ring wing,
The heart with nobler ardour warms,

The Golden Bough *Æneas* led
Down to the *Stygian* realms of night ;
Her soaring dove to kindred skies
Directs the raptur'd poet's flight.

Like

Like Fate, her Urn each lot contains,
 Not Chance, but Judgment gives the prize;
 Nor sinks the vanquish'd bard dismay'd,
 By bright examples taught to rise.

Ye Fair, whom sportive *Naiads* deck,
 With roses fresh in *Bladud's* vale;
 Ye aged Sires, whose youth restor'd,
 Lends truth to *Æsop's* fabled tale;

*With smiles the coming Muses greet,
 To *Myra's* chaplets join your praise;
 Whilst Fame with trumpet loud proclaims,
 And echoing Nymphs resound their lays,

* These lines refer to the present Collection, then in the Press for publication.

ODE *to the* NEW YEAR, 1775.

HAIL the year, and hail the morn,

That MILLER bids my verse adorn !—

MILLER, whose taste refin'd, and classic sway,

The Baian Muses willingly obey ;—

MILLER, whose voice can crown the Poet's name

With Merit's best reward, immortal FAME !

Sing we then the early year,

Its chilly blasts, its prospect drear,

The mountains white with frozen snow,

The far-extended vale below

Sheeted with ice, the forest wide

Bereft of all its leafy pride ;

Such scenes might daunt the Muse,—yet scenes like these

MILLER, who guides our verse, can teach to please ;

Her

Her genial smiles perpetual warmth inspire,
And animate our breasts with unconsuming fire.

Soon shall Zephyr waft his gales
O'er the hills and o'er the vales,
Shedding vernal sweets around,
Painting o'er th' enamel'd ground ;
Nature feels new life,—new love
Echoes thro' each tuneful grove.

MAIA, creative nymph ! Love's pleasing dart,
Wing'd by thy breath, unerring wounds the heart ;
Say, shall BATHEASTON own the influence dear,
Where Wit, as well as Love, conducts the rolling year ?

Mark the glowing God of day
Darting down his fiercest ray
From burning *Cancer* :—Labour droops
Beneath his beam, and slowly troops

The

The panting herd, to seek the shade
Of hanging rock or wat'ry glade.

But far more potent blazes *Beauty's* sun ;
Those beams, alas ! we strive in vain to shun :
Love's raging tyranny reigns unconfin'd,
And with resistless passion desolates the mind.

Now the scales of *Libra* high
Speak the fruit of culture nigh ;
Rich the harvest of the fields,
Rich the juice the vintage yields ;
Nature pours her large increase,
Crown'd with plenty, health, and peace.

Thus Labour thrives in every clime and soil,
Nor shall the Muse lament a barren toil,
When MILLER calls the favour'd Poet forth,
Her envied wreath rewards and consecrates his worth.

Cease,

Cease, my Muse, thy task is done,
From Winter's frost to Autumn's fun ;
Thro' the year thy verse has run.
Cease, my Muse, the task is done.

The following Lines are an Extract from a little Poem,
wrote immediately before the publication of this small
Collection.

SUBJECT, *The* BEAUTIES of NATURE,
compared with those of ART.

J. M—LL—R, Esq;

COU'D all Pygmalion's plastic art,
Strike the *eye*, or touch the *heart*,
Turn the limbs, or give an air
So divinely soft and fair,

So

So replete with every *Grace*,

As DIEDEN's * form, as DIEDEN's face ?

* Madame LA BARONNE DIEDE, wife to his Excellency the Baron
DIEDE, Envoy Extraordinary, &c. &c. from the King of Denmark.

F I N I S.

I N D E X;

O R,

Explanation to the ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| I. A Shoe. | VIII. A Glow-Worm. |
| II. Pam. | IX. A Watch. |
| III. A Sigh. | X. A Violin. |
| IV. A Letter. | XI. A Bee. |
| V. Gold. | XII. The Vase. |
| VI. A Secret. | XIII. Time. |
| VII. A Fly. | |

5



POETICAL
AMUSEMENTS, &c.

VOLUME II.

P O E T I C A L
A M U S E M E N T S

A T A

V I L L A

N E A R

B A T H.

V O L U M E II.

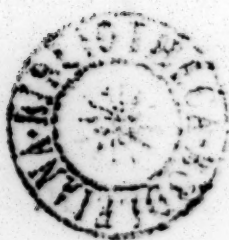
L O N D O N :

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W. FREDERICK at Bath.

M D C C L X X V I .



P R E F A C E.

THE rapid sale of an entire Edition of the
Poetical Amusements, within ten days from its
appearance, calls for a Second Edition of the First,
and justifies our publication of this Second Volume.

Bouts Rimées—those little *aliens* to British Genius
and British Liberty—held out in the infancy of our
institution to accommodate the Indolent and to en-
courage the Diffident—having, in some measure, an-
swered the objects of their introduction, are, *at pre-
sent,*

sent, under a general prohibition. The small number of them dispersed through the following sheets—if they bear not with them their own justification—may probably be the last—to confine the Writer or molest the Reader.

The *Subjects given out* were calculated to preclude all discussion of PARTY and OPINION—all tendency to PERSONALITY—and to discourage every violation of the sanctities of Society. Nothing (we apprehend) in these volumes can

Give Virtue, Scandal, Innocence, a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.

We have nothing to do with CRITICISM, the
the OBJECT of our institution is *Amusement*, its END

Charity :

Charity : it concerns us little who *ridicules* the ONE,
or *reprobates* the OTHER.

The ingenious Contributors to this little collection
will be found (if we mistake not) abundantly entitled
to the thanks of the Institutress, the approbation of
the LIBERAL, the acknowledgments of the CHARI-
TABLE, and the BLESSINGS of the POOR.



POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Subject, GRACE,—and SIMPLEX
MUNDITIIS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

YE beaux esprit, say what is *Grace*?
Dwells it in *motion*, *shape*, or *face*?
Or is it all the three combin'd,
Guided and soften'd by the mind?
Where it is *not*, all eyes may see;
But where it *is*, all hearts agree:

B

'Tis

'Tis there, when easy in its state,
 The mind is elegantly great ;
 Where looks give speech to every feature,
 The sweetest eloquence of Nature !
 A harmony of thought, and motion,
 To which at once we pay devotion :
 But where to find this nonpareil !
 Where does this female wonder dwell,
 Who can at will our hearts command ?
 Behold in public—CUMBERLAND.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS to explain
 I long attempted,—but in vain ;
 'Till MILLER did *herself* present,
 Then knew I what the Latin meant.

'Tis.

'Tis true she now translates it GRACE ;
 Calls on each bard its pow'rs to trace ;
 In what consists it, to define ;
 And how to fix it in each line.
 This task, though hard, I long essay'd,
 The more I wrote, the more I stray'd ;
 Yet as the time full near was brought,
 Take this my last attempt and thought.
 GRACE then, to make my subject clear,
 Should in each outward act appear ;
 To open, gen'rous manners ty'd ;
 To Beauty's self be near ally'd ;
 At least a symmetry take place
 To constitute acknowledg'd GRACE.
 An easy carriage, vesture neat,
 You'll add, to make the thing complete.

'Tis neatness, elegance, and ease
 United, which can always please.
 Oft-times from fashion is as far,
 As from this isle the Indias are ;
 Sometimes in humble garb is seen,
 Nor always found to deck a queen :
 Yet sets it off all other charms,
 Secures each heart, each bosom warms ;
 Gives to each fair a brighter glow,
 Than diamond's beam, or silks bestow ;
 In ev'ry state its marks are known,
 In ev'ry rank its pow'r is shown,
 Confess'd by all, to all a prize,
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Know'st thou it not, to Bath repair,
 On Avon's banks behold the fair,

There see it in the circle gay
 Which that fam'd city can display ;
 It lives in Tomkyns gentle mien,
 In Wroughton's much priz'd form 'tis seen,
 To Lockhart gives superior sway,
 And brightens Dutton with its ray,
 In ——— dignity is shown,
 And shines at all times Kerr * thy own,
 In ——— brilliant air express'd,
 In ——— mildness stands confess'd,
 In Heywood's youth its presence greet,
 In *Cumbria's Dutchess* shines complete.

* Lady Emily Kerr.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS is the word.
 Thus, Miller spoke, the poet heard,
 And turn'd, and turn'd it o'er again,
 Yet to no purpose rack'd his brain :
 He found the Latin was too hard,
 To be express'd by English bard.
 As thus he fought how to translate,
 And bit his nails, and scratch'd his pate ;
 Egad ! cries he, I've found it out,
 The fair one sure thought me a lout,
 Not to perceive the cunning elf
 By Simp. Munditiis meant herself.

GRACE,

G R A C E,

With an Explication, or Translation of

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

EDWARD D—X, Esq.

G R A C E was in all her steps ; Heaven in her eye ;

I do not believe a word on't ; No, not I.

Pray from what chapter did your wisdom gather

That mother Eve had on a single feather ?

She might be deck'd indeed to Adam's wishes,

For e'er she fell, she *Simplex* was *Munditiis*.

Her garb was truly simple, nat'ral, plain,

And (till the dev'l was in her) free from stain.

But now the sole criterion of *Grace*,

Consists in dressing like the feather'd race ;

Perch then ye feather'd fair on every spray
Of Miller's grove, and usher in sweet May.

* * * * *

See Coquetilla down Fops-alley march,
With nodding plumes ; so slow, so stiff, so starch.
So have I seen—Seen what, a fiery dragon ?
No: the proud fore-horse of a loaded waggon ;
Feathers and furbelows eclipse his eyes,
And wield destruction at aspiring flies :
So Coquetilla's ostrich feather flows
To flap destruction on presumptuous beaux.

If (but it can't be, now the world's so good)
Heaven should inflict another general flood ;
What blunders would ensue in Noah's ark,
Birds, beasts, and men, together in the dark ;

Some

Some peer may miss his deary in the pen,
 And come out coupled with a Friesland hen.
 Or some fair lady from her lord may wander,
 And be enamour'd with a silly gander.

'Twas but three years since Gallic friseurs put on
 Our lady's shoulders, *a vile tete de mouton* :
 Could ye conceive that there was any grace
 Or beauty in a poor sheep's head, or face :
 Tell me, ye fops of that fantastic nation,
 Where will you lead us next with *ton* and fashion.
 In seventy-five you've feather'd all our fair,
 Perhaps next year you'll deck 'em all with hair.
 Would it not make the gentle Strephon stare
 To see sweet Phillis like a Russian bear ?
 To see those lovely cheeks, that snow-white breast,
 As rough, and rugged, as a magpye's nest ?

'Tis

'Tis she—she comes—my jocund muse ! 'Tis she !
Beaming with decent grace, and majesty :
She comes like some bright angel from above ;
In every gesture dignity and love ;
With conscious virtue gracefully array'd—
She's all perfection.—'Tis the blue-ey'd maid.

Thus to the feather'd race *she* shews her love,
She wears the softness of the gentle dove,
The peacock's plumes and dignity of pace,
Teach her how beauty is improv'd by *Grace*.
In Philomela chaunting to her mate
She reads the comforts of a wedded state.

The hen domestic, with her fostering wing,
Shews her the cares her little brood will bring.

Ye macaronis—(ravens, kites, and daws)

She'll guard her chickens from your ravenous claws;

Her conduct here by gods and men approv'd,

When she's call'd hence from all on earth she lov'd :

The bird of Jove shall shew her how to rise

To the blest mansions of the vaulted skies ;

Through Heaven's wide gates her innocence and grace

Will be her passport to an angel's place.

With virtue crown'd (feathers that ne'er can fade)

I hope you like my lovely blue-ey'd maid :

Not from the *ton*, but her, I'd have you trace

The surest means to plume yourselves with Grace.

If you approve the pattern that she brings,

Give us a chirp, ye fair ; and clap your *wings*.

The

The Difference between

WIT and HUMOUR.

THE diff'rence (spite of common rumour)

You ask, 'twixt real Wit and Humour ;

Whilst I, disdaining pompous diction,

High flights, and vain poetic fiction,

Which only serve the sense to shroud,

And leave the subject in a cloud,

Attentive still to your petition,

Answer by way of definition.

Of Wit, the true criterion is,

In just, and apt resemblances,

Ideas variously combin'd,

That flash conviction on the mind ;

That

That give to Truth a brighter die,
 To Sense, a double poignancy ;
 Whose force of ridicule we see
 In many a lively repartee :
 Which vent'ring often to explore
 What to the Mind was known before,
 Giving to Thought a pleasing dress,
 Shews what all feel, but can't express.
 For as Hogarth, neglecting grace,
 By scratch of pen could shew a face ;
 So in Wit's finer strokes we find
 Each varied image of the mind :
 Touch'd with the likeness all the while
 We feel its force, and only smile.

Humour performs the other half,
 And leads us to a hearty laugh,

Much

Much she attempts, nor ought in vain,
 Still mistress of the comic vein,
 In form and manner sure to please,
 And most of all, by Truth and Ease :
 For as true Wit, the wise agree,
 Is lively thought, and repartee;
 So Humour is a combination
 Of drollery, and imitation.

E D G A R.

A Poem written for the Vase of Batheaston.

Subject, CHARITY.

By the Rev. SANDFORD HARDCASTLE.

“DO good to all men.”—It is Heav’n’s own voice.
 Heav’n, joining reason in the soft command,

Bids us be happy ; blessed while we bless.—

Hear then ;—be wise ;—rest on the word of Heav'n ;

Deal forth thy good deeds with a lib'ral hand ;

Prompt payment shall come shortly. Yet to him

Payment can only come, whose tender heart

Feels when his hand distributes.—Thou, my friend,

Full oft hast heard me speak, my early youth

Soon learnt humanity.—My parents died—

Orphans have claim on charitable souls ;

The pious Edgar thought so, mov'd perhaps

By the soft eloquence of infant tears,

Perchance by Nature tempted, to his roof

He led the fatherless.—It was the feat

Of nuptial happiness, a rustic cot,

Small, yet convenient, for their wants were few :

As *Edgar*, knowing what all men should learn,

Was

Was with his lot contented.—Happy state !
 Labour he ply'd for exercise, not pelf ;
 For though he needed not to toil for bread,
 Edgar was never idle.—Soon, my friend,
 At early dawn, he led me to the field,
 And, drawing morals from each task he took,
 Told me, “ that ev'ry seed, well sown on earth,
 “ Should yield full harvest in that awful day,
 “ When all arrears of labour shall be paid,
 “ Each well-meant toil rewarded.”—Once, perchance,
 I found him busied near a murmuring rill,
 To various little streams he turn'd its source,
 Where, wand'ring devious through his neat dress'd
 grounds,
 It cheer'd the green copse, fill'd the earing corn,
 Then trickled gently through the perfumed grove,
Where

Where Nature's nursery was. Sweet, blooming babes !

Yes—ev'ry wild flower sure is Nature's child,

From annual frolic with the lusty fun

The teeming Mother bears them.—Edgar smil'd.

“ Mark well, my child, he said, this little stream

“ Shall teach thee Charity. It is a source

“ I never knew exhaust—directed thus

“ Be that soft stream, the fountain of thy heart.

“ For, Oh ! my child, he said, if right I ween,

“ And he who fosters children not his own,

“ They say, is seldom partial, thy young heart

“ Hath those affections that shall bless thyself,

“ And flowing softly, like this little rill,

“ Cheer all that droop.”—The good man did not err ;

The milk of human-kindness warm'd my breast :

Young as I was, I felt for others woes,

C

And,

And, when I could, reliev'd them. Yet—I *was* young !

And, having lavish'd all my infant store

In gewgaw toys, and childish fooleries,

I do remember well, a vet'ran old,

Maim'd and disfigur'd by the hand of war,

Implor'd my charity. I felt, alas !

His various wants—sore, sick, and wan he seem'd :

Much as a foldier I rever'd the man :

My little heart bled at each wound he shew'd :

Alas ! alas ! replied my infant thoughts,

And shall want cloud the ev'ning of his days

Whose noon of life was toil ?—The toil of war !

Whose deep scars—witness of his brave exploit !

Tell how he serv'd his country. Yes—I wept :

It was the first time that I e'er knew want,

I was indeed a bankrupt. Edgar came.

I wept,

I wept, but spake not, for my heart was full.

“ What wilt thou give, my boy ? ” — Fearing a lie,
I sob’d out truth most sadly. Edgar felt.

Pardon’d my folly, for he loved my tears,
And gave what sooth’d the poor man’s misery.

But, in our ev’ning’s walk, behold ! the stream
Was dry. I ask’d the cause—Mark me, my child
This rill, I told thee oft, through all thy life,
Should teach thee Charity.—Now let it learn,
If yet thou hast to learn, that the bless’d source
Of lib’ral deeds is wise oeconomy.

This morn, like thee, I drew the stream too fast,
Now—when the parch’d glebe wants its wat’ry aid,
The source is all exhausted. So we liv’d—
Edgar still watch’d the rose-bud as it grew,
Wishing my bloom of reason. Ev’ry night

Some useful lesson to my ear convey'd
 Of moral bard instructive: Legends old—
 Such tales as oft gain audience round the hearth
 Of plain simplicity.—How? “ So it chanc'd,
 “ Two helpless children wand'ring through a wood,
 “ By friendly charitable birds reliev'd,
 “ Long time found sustenance.” I felt it all!
 And promis'd ne'er with felon hand to rob
 The nest of birds so worthy—Winter came
 I fed each warbler that I found, with crumbs:
 Poor birds!—They gained by my simple thoughts,
 And I was not a loser.—Older grown—
 The good man spake of royal Edward's love;
 Told, “ how the Wanton, though she clad the poor,
 “ With needful succour fed each hungry guest,
 “ Cast out, neglected, in the public streets,
 “ Starv'd,

“ Starv’d, and despis’d, died wretched.” Well she
might !—

Not Charity itself hath power to screen
That wedded fair-one, whose unguarded steps
Aught deviates from the paths of chastity——
Yes—many a story quaint the good man told :
From sacred writ he fetch’d the frequent hint ;
“ The widow’s cruise, he said, ne’er waxed dry,
“ Nor was the little morsel that she had,
“ Her one poor cake, diminish’d.”—He nam’d again,
“ A widow fam’d for Charity—who gave,
“ With faith most stedfast, all she had—one mite :”
Heav’n grasp’d the boon !—Flush’d with seraphic joy
The cherub Mercy, from that awful book
Where her account stood register’d above,
Erased a page of failings——So, my friend,

Did I first learn to feel. Guiltless myself,
 He bade me give my pity, not my scorn,
 To those my heart did censure. Scandal ne'er
 Found entrance at our door—I heard her once—
 The foul fiend spake a lie—I glow'd disdain—
 Perhaps 'twas somewhat hasty, but my tongue
 Brav'd forth conviction, for my friend was wrong'd—
 Yes—Edgar's maxims are my life's safe rule.
 This morn, reflecting on his little stream,
 “ How would my Edgar, said my busy thoughts,
 “ Revere the fair one, who hath power to lure
 “ My giddy youth to muse on Charity.”

An ODE to CHARITY.

By GEORGE H—T, Esq.

CELESTIAL Maid, of source divine,
With plastic hand bestow,
That soft effusion of the mind
Which melts at others woe.

Bid Pity move each throbbing breast
Soft gushing in a tear ;
That tribute Nature sure exacts
For wretched mortals here.

'Tis Nature calls, attend her voice,
Proud dissipated man,
And copy with a feeling heart
The good Samaritan.

From infant want or helpless age
Ne'er turn thy steps aside ;
Nor boast thy own superior worth
With Pharisean pride.

The social compact calls on each
For mutual help, nor e'er
To think like Mandeville that *Self*
Is man's peculiar care.

T'alleviate with healing pow'rs
Each sublunary ill,
And shew, though tyrant Fate oppresses
That man has mercy still.

Approach.

Approach your humble cot, and view
That complicated scene,
Where Fate the double pressure lays
Of Poverty and Pain.

Can you those pallid looks behold
And not an alms afford ;
Nor spare to sooth an infant's moan
One morsel from your board.

Can you, unmov'd, th'expiring groan,
The knell of sorrow hear,
And not with weeping kindred drop
One sympathetic tear.

Humanity

Humanity the thought disclaims,
Avows this maxim true,
Man is not born for *self* alone,
But lives for others too.

Ye Fair, to pining Nature then
The balm of pity give ;
Pity is your peculiar claim,
'Tis your prerogative.

With soft emotions of the heart
The house of sorrow view,
And let the widow's mite excite
Beneficence in you.

From

From your compassion and relief

Let streams of bounty flow ;

Make suff'ring languor smile in death,

And smoothe the bed of woe.

Britannia's annals justly then

Might some eulogiums claim,

Nor Roman Charity alone

Consign to future fame.

ODE to CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n, bright ray of Worth
Supreme,

Essence sincere of Uncreated Mind,
Of seraph's voice and harp incessant theme,
Blest with affection soft, and aspect kind,

Thee I invoke ! if on thy votary's head

Thou deign with liberal hand thy influence mild to shed.

By thee impell'd, with yearnings oft I rue

The ghastly form on dying couch reclin'd ;

Prompted by thee, with visit sad I view

The wretch diseas'd, in nauseous dome confin'd,

Stript of parental aid, and friendships dear ;

And sooth the orphan's plaint, and dry the widow's tear.

Mark, mark, with tottering limbs, a prey to care,

The hungry cottager in silence mourn ;

His pittance scant he takes of homely fare,

By all unseen, unpitied and forlorn :

All, but your keener search : your piercing eye

Pervades his dark recess, O godlike Charity.

Close

Cloſe by his ſide, ſole partner of his grief,

Ghoſt of exiſtence, ſits his meagre ſpouſe

Round them, diſmay'd, and ſtrangers to relief,

Their ſquallid offſpring frames its fruitleſs vows.

Soon as *you* touch the threshold, heav'nly queen,

Quick with refulgent day you gild the gloomy ſcene.

And firſt, with ſecret hand, diffuſive wide,

You pour the bleſſings of your genial reign ;

Next, to the dome where Med'cine's ſons preſide,

With ſpeed conduct the grateful wandering train.

You give—and giving taſte the bleſs refin'd,

Patron of want obſcure, and friend of human kind.

Nor leſs the youthful uninſtructed heart

Claims the rich tribute of your ſympathy ;

With willing tongue the leſſon you impart,

And point to *Faith*, and *Hope*, and realms on high :

Then to the sisters twain consign your charge,
And bid them to his sight the prospect clear enlarge.

Struck with thy form, thy inward worth I trace,
In kind regards, and social converse sweet :
At thy approach, pale *Envy* speeds her pace,
Hatred, and foul *Surmise*, and dark *Deceit*.
See---by thy presence aw'd, thy step they shun,
Like vapours dank dispers'd, as beams the orient sun.

Charm'd I behold, while in thy train proceed
With awful majesty the Graces fair ;
Forbearance kind, and *Peace*, the chorus lead ;
And mild *Humility*, with modest air ;
Compassion soft ; and *Temperance*, whose best food,
Dainty repast of mind, is *universal good*.

And

And hark ! methinks I hear thy solemn voice ;

“ Vain man, pursue thy Maker’s first intent,

“ His best resemblance be thy earliest choice,”

Who (like the orb in yonder firmament)

To all alike his beams enlivening pours,

Alike on all, unask’d, distills his balmy showers.

C H A R I T Y.

JAMES BLAND BURGESS, Esq.

YE Belles ! who seek these blest retreats,

Where Elegance with Fancy meets,

And *Taste* and *Miller* join ;

Disdain not to attend awhile,

But listen, and benignly smile,

To aid the timorous line.

When

When life is gay, and beauty charms,
When every heart your power alarms,
 Distrust, ye Fair, the scene :
Soon must the flattering dream conclude,
For soon must other cares intrude
 To cloud your brows serene.

The liquid eye, the flowing hair,
The cheeks and neck so heavenly fair
 Which emulate the snow ;
The voice, which now delights our ears
More than the music of the spheres,
 A change must quickly know.

When

When thus you see life fleet away,
See youth with all its charms decay,
And yield to wrinkled age ;
Can you unmov'd remain, nor seek
Some power this poison's force to check,
Or mitigate its rage ?

The breast which melts at other's woe
Alone can real pleasure know,
Alone is blest and calm :
This sure is Charity refin'd,
Which pitying heals the wounded mind,
And pours on grief rich balm.

D

This

This will each other loss supply,
And please when other beauties fly,
Which now our hearts alarm ;
When fades the bloom of *Haywood's* face,
With *Jenning's* elegance and grace,
And *Lockhart's* every charm.

Say, can your breasts untouch'd remain,
When at your feet a faithful swain
Your matchless power declares ?
Can tender hearts then cruel prove,
Nor fondly own the power of love,
When arm'd with sighs and pray'rs ?

Ah

Ah no ! the feeling gen'rous breast
The transport shares in giving rest,
And turning pain to joy ;
A thousand gentle pleasures knows
By nobly changing speechless woes
To bliss without alloy.

The favour'd hour then quickly seize,
When youth and charms combine to please,
And bid the lover live :
Time slowly creeps, but sure :—then haste,
Exert your Charity, and taste
The joys which love can give.

The COURT *of* TRUTH.

In the Manner of SPENSER.

I.

SCORCH'D by the mid-day sun I sought the shade,
To catch the freshness of the passing breeze :
Upon a flowery bank my limbs I laid
To woo the soft winds whispering in the trees.
Come, gentle air, I cry'd, and give me ease !
With sickening heat no more let nature glow !
'Tis done,—and now the raging fervors cease,
As the gales rise from yonder lake below,
And thro' the tall woods sing, and o'er the valley blow.

II. Thus

II.

Thus as I lay, soft slumbers clos'd mine eyes,
 While Fancy o'er my senses wav'd her wand;
 And soon the fairy visions 'gan to rise
 In livery gay, as she doth well command:
 And strait, methought, a stately hall did stand
 Before my sight, with many a portal fair,
 Such as belong to dome in Grecian land,
 Of cost so great, and workmanship so rare,
 That 'tis beyond my feeble rhymings to declare.

III.

Around the gates, a thick, impatient croud,
 Eager to enter, pass'd within my view:
 And when the herald blew with blast so loud
 The clarion shrill, the portals open flew.

The busy throng the hurrying way pursue.
 I follow'd ; and before the lofty throne
 Of Truth I came : for instantly I knew
 The beauteous goddess who did sit thereon,
 So bright her awful front with native lustre shone.

IV.

In her right hand a laurel wreath she bore
 To crown his brows who best deserv'd the prize ;
 Such as of old the bravest heroes wore,
 Right emblem of that fame which never dies.
 Two claimants strait appear'd, of different guise,
 The one, though young, possess'd a noble grace ;
 The vivid lightning darted from his eyes,
 Nor e'er did frowns his polish'd brow disgrace,
 But chearful smiles did play upon his manly face.

V. The

V.

The other, more advanc'd in years, did bear
 Upon his jolly cheek the rosy hue
 Of Bacchus, foe to every pallid care :
 And as he talk'd, he laugh'd !—for well he knew
 With noisy joy his story to pursue.
 The one was *Wit*, the other *Humour* nam'd ;
 From different mothers, but one fire, they grew.
 They both with equal hope the laurel claim'd ;
 They both at high renown with generous ardor aim'd.

VI.

Full in the sight of all, the judge did place
 (Whereon the claimants might their powers display)
 The hated passions of the human race.
 Pale Avarice,—Ambition never gay,

Stern Cruelty that with blood doth mark her way,
 With Scandal whose foul tongue is poison'd o'er,
 And Jealousy to watchful hours a prey :
 And well my muse could name a thousand more ;
 But ah !—such thorny paths she trembles to explore.

VII.

And soon, when *Wit* beheld this mingled croud,
 Impetuous flashes darted from his eye :
 Nor in soft whispers, nor in accents loud,
 Or to deceive or frighten did he try ;
 Nor quite forget the arts of courtesy ;
 But with apt tauntings, and in manly tone,
 He drew such pictures of their misery ;
 That every passion he did make to groan,
 Which done,—he boldly claim'd the laurel as his own.

VIII. But

VIII.

But *Humour* now, with laughter on his cheek,
Began his tale, for many a tale had he ;
Which made involuntary raptures break
Forth from the throng, at his so merry glee.
The passions too, at his loud jollity,
Did seem to smile amid their fore dismay.
Laughing I wak'd, and ending none did see
Of all this fairy scene so bright and gay :
For Fancy spread her wings, and swiftly fled away.

An APOLOGY for
WIT and HUMOUR.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase.*

THOMAS ST—LY, Esq.

GOOD people all, a sad mishap,
My witty muse besel ;
Condemn'd to purge her crimes away,
Like sinful soul in hell.

With quaint conceits to make you smile,
From Bath she took her way ;
But ever since has rued full sore,
The fortune of that day.

With

With heart as brisk and light as air,
She heard her stanzas read ;
But when, alas ! she saw them blaze,
It heavy fell as lead.

Against a hapless bard, ye fair,
Why all this mighty pother ;
His modest muse one meaning gave,
Your lively thoughts another.

'Twas cruel sure to stop his mouth,
And say you'd hear no more,
When by your tittering 'twas plain,
Your hearts cry'd out *encore*.

Ye

Ye sentimental bards, who deal
In hymns and psalms by lumps ;
It grieves my heart your muse to see,
So often in the dumps.

Your sportive muse which erst was wont
With sprightliest thoughts to glow,
Has struck poor Humour to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.

Brisk Pegasus, that frisky steed,
Which oft the vict'ry got,
Is now so dull and languid grown,
He scarce can raise a trot.

Ye men and maids who *Here* each week,
In quest of mirth do roam ;
If e'er you leave your smiles behind,
You'd better stay at home.

O'er musty authors oft I've por'd,
And broke my midnight sleep ;
But they assure me one and all—
'Tis better laugh than weep.

In hopes of milder fate, my muse
Has once more tun'd her lyre ;
Yet even now with fear she quakes —
A burnt child dreads the fire.

Most

Most gracious Queen these stanzas spare,
Vouchsafe them long to reign ;
And grant that I may never see,
My muse in flames again.

The Difference between
WIT and HUMOUR.

EDWARD D—X, Esq.

I.

ONCE more shall I take up the lyre,
And call for the aid of the Nine !
Oh, Miller ! such subjects require
A muse much more able than mine.

II. 'Twixt

II.

'Twixt the regions of Humour and Wit,
Let Phœbus himself draw the line ;
For sooner a hair I could split,
Or the Gordian knot sooner untwine.

III.

“ Wit ranges ideas (says Locke)
“ With propriety, quickness, and grace :”
Whilst Humour looks dull as a block,
She forces a smile in your face.

IV.

Bright Wit is the child of the sun,
Begot in the blaze of the day ;
But Humour's the produce of fun,
By twilight, one ev'ning in May.

V.

Like Dutton * with beauty and sense,
Bright Wit takes the heart by surprize,
Leaves no room for doubt or suspense,
Such lively rays beam from her eyes.

VI.

But Humour insensibly steals,
And quietly creeps to the heart ;
Like Jennings her power conceals,
And you feel e'er you see the keen dart.

VII.

Homer's wit comes on like a torrent,
All ages and nations adore it ;
But Swift's has a general warrant,
To bring Mirth and Laughter before it.

* Now Mrs. Cook.

VIII.

Bold Shakespeare's are flashes of wit,
As the lightnings dart through the sky;
But Harlequin pleases the pit,
Because he's so *waggish* and *sly*.

IX.

As Bamfylde from Phœbus derives
Such power in using the brush;
That with Nature whenever he strives,
She modestly yields with a blush.

X.

So Wit blazes out with such fire,
Lays *such* lively tints on the mind,
That it paints all her beauties much higher
Than in Nature herself you will find.

E

XI. A peer

XI.

* A peer with a pencil of Humour
So wrought on mankind by their fears,
That they took (no magic could do more)
Old women for Swifs grenadiers.

On the Difference between

WIT and HUMOUR.

'T WAS May ; and o'er the cheerful ground
Each shrub with blossoms smil'd around,
When on the downy lap of earth,
Lo ! Twins congenial at a birth

* Lord Townshend, when an invasion from France was expected, drew a parcel of old women so like a regiment of Swifs guards, that it required a very close inspection to distinguish the difference.

Euphrosyne to Phœbus bore,
 And seem'd to wish the two were four :
 Then, seeking titles that might fit,
 One, *Humour* styled ; the other, *Wit*.
 The *Muses* in officious haste
 The natals with their presence graced :
 While each in flattering speech express'd
 The fire and dam supremely blest'd :
 Their *father* this resembles ; t'other
 Resembles more his blue-ey'd *mother*.
 Some few this difference cannot strike ;
 As eggs, they're both so much alike.
 Apollo smiled, while *three times three*
 Thus from each other disagree.
 In hopes the knotty suit to end,
 He bids the *Graces* strait attend.

Quick they obey the call divine,
 And join with speed the tuneful Nine.
 Yet, what avails this special jury,
 Pick'd for the cause in such a hurry ?
 Confounded like their cousin muses,
 A verdict clear each nymph refuses.
Some difference they discern ; but *where*,
 They vow 'tis puzzling to declare.
 Surpris'd, too hard to find the case
 For every Muse, and every Grace,
 His sentence, with an awful nod,
 Utter'd the verse-inspiring god :

“ I marvel much that none can see

“ In what these bantlings disagree.

“ Then

“ Then hear me, all ye virgin train,
“ By my prophetic skill explain,
“ What thus *you* seek but seek in vain :
“ What in their *face* 'tis hard to find,
“ I view—the difference of their *mind*.
“ That little, faucy, prattling chit,
“ Call'd by his doating mother *Wit*,
“ With smiling look, and sparkling eye,
“ And forehead full of gaiety,
“ Fraught with ideas quaint and new,
“ And quick conception, known to few ;
“ With pleasing well-tim'd simile,
“ And lively, poignant repartee ;
“ From objects distant and unlike
“ Shall catch resemblances that strike ;

}

- “ And charm the sense, well-pleased to find
“ Things varying, still the same in kind :
“ With harmless, but satyric turn,
“ In thoughts that speak ; and words that burn ;
“ Sometimes an epigram shall throw,
“ Like shaft from Lilliputian bow :
“ Sometimes, in song or roundelay,
“ The smart, yet civil thing shall say,
“ That wounds like painful-pleasing dart
“ And captivates fair lady’s heart.
“ Good-natur’d, ’midst his various sallies,
“ With elegant conceits he rallies,
“ The head to teach, the heart to mend,
“ A foe to Vice, and Virtue’s friend.

“ But

- " But see ! how different is that other,
" *You* think so like his elder brother !
" Cheerful, like *him*, and good, and kind,
" He labours to inform the mind,
" Its lurking foibles to detect,
" Its vicious fancies to correct :
" But mark those lineaments of face ;
" How full of banter and grimace !
" Solemn his air, as though he felt
" Scarce butter in his mouth would melt :
" Yet the arch stripling all the while
" Indulges a continual smile.
" On subtle irony, and leer,
" The jest polite, and cover'd sneer,
" (While few observe him) still intent,
" He *says* the thing, that is not *meant*.

- “ No mimic droll, in Beau or Belle,
“ Can act a character so well,
“ And to the *man* hold up the *fool*
“ In all the garb of ridicule :
“ From *Wit* as distant (though as keen)
“ As epigram from comic scene.
“ Yet still the lads, as things may hap,
“ Shall sometimes wear each other's cap ;
“ And *Wit* perchance for *Humour* pass :
“ *Humour* in turn shall take the glass,
“ To see what likeness *he* can hit ;
“ And how he apes his brother *Wit*.
“ But soon shall each his fault confess,
“ Each soon resume his proper dress.
“ Already can my prospect trace,
“ When each shall boast a numerous race,

“ This, of *Molieres* ; of *Butlers*, that :

“ Each pleasing with his lively chat ;

“ Yet each from each as wide asunder,

“ As winds and tempests are from thunder ;

“ No more alike, than song to rant is ;

“ Than Parson *Swift* to Don *Cervantes*.

“ Take then, ye *Muses*, take these boys,

“ And soon complete their parents’ joys :

“ Teach them to utter, as they mean :

“ No thought be clumsy, or unclean :

“ Then, ere they learn their *awkward* paces,

“ Consign them to the Sister *Graces* :

“ Let *them* with speed as *you* began,

“ Finish the well-digested plan :

“ For what is *Humour*, *Wit*, or *Face* ;

“ If either’s nurs’d without a *Grace* ?”

The Difference between

WIT and HUMOUR.

AMINTA to FLORIO.

AMINTA.

THE difference, Florio, point me out

'Twixt real Wit and Humour ;

Remove at once each wavering doubt

That grows on public rumour.

Say, which can boast the better half,

Life's sorrows to beguile ?

Or why, with Humour sure to laugh,

Wit only makes us smile.

FLORIO.

FLORIO.

In *that* the playful child we trace,

This is of manlier kind ;

One claims the empire of the face,

The other of the mind.

The tale well told, the light-spun jest,

The imitative vein,

From Humour still impart the zest

To Frolic's jocund reign.

In Wit, ideas well combin'd

Just images create ;

We taste a joy of different kind,

More poignant, less elate.

So

So when two heroes of the stage,
With rival passion strove,
Each crouded audience to engage
The test of Romeo's love.

To Barry shouts of loud applause
Came thundering on the ear ;
To Garrick, true to Nature's cause,
Her tribute was a tear.

Subject, H O P E.

By — HOME, Esq. of St. John's College, Oxford.

NURSE of the sorrowing heart ! to thee I bow,
Accept the tribute of my willing vow,
Direct my erring step, O maid divine,
O Hope, and lead me to thy hallow'd shrine !

To

To thee, meet emblem of a nymph so fair,
A sprig of faithful evergreen I bear ;
More gay, more constant, than the roses bloom,
More fragrant than the jas'mine's rich perfume.

In humblest strain I woo thee, gentle Hope,
Haply on some bare cliff's aspiring top,
You still expect the imprison'd zephyr's wing,
And distant hail the tardy ling'ring Spring.

Warm'd by thy genial aid and vital pow'r,
Untir'd I bear stern Winter's blighting hour ;
By thee my eager mind, distinct and clear,
Anticipates the rich and melting year.

Already

Already Fancy paints th' ideal scene—
 The teeming earth regains her lively green ;
 Fair Nature animates her faded form,
 Again in youth serene, in beauty warm.

No more shall *Cherwell* * rend his fedy crown
 To see his waters flow polluted down :
 No more, while green-hair'd nymphs around her mourn,
 Shall *Isis* * droop upon her tarnish'd urn.

These are thy blessings, Hope, O maid benign,
 Of pow'r, to bid the Summer sun to shine,
 Though Winter's winds the face of Nature tear,
 And rudely desolate the sinking year.

* The *Cherwell* and *Isis* are two rivers at Oxford.

Yet still, fair Hope, I ask a brighter scene !
 Be Graces, Virtues, in thy mirror seen ;
 Paint life, paint health, paint honour in my view,
 And Oh ! may Time proclaim *thy picture true.*

H O P E. A R I D D L E.

O'ER all the world my empire does extend,
 And while that lasts my reign will never end ;
 By all I'm lov'd, and almost all deceive,
 Yet when I promise *next*, they all believe :
 To heaven I lead, but must not enter there,
 In hell I cannot *be*, earth is my sphere ;
 If yet in vain you study for my name,
 Search your own heart for there I surely *am.*

B O U T S

BOUTS RIMÉES.

FAIR Hope ! how much does it behove
 The man, that would life's sweets improve,
 From anxious cares to clear his brow,
 And raise to thee his ardent vow ?
 Thee, goddess, thee I'll still adore,
 My peace when wounded to restore.
 My ruffled breast, if thou but calm,
 Then seize who will the victor's palm :
 And 'mid life's sunshine, or its shower,
 I'll rest on thee, heart-cheering power.

PANDORA;

PANDORA;

O R,

The O R I G I N *of* H O P E.

By — SCHAUMBERG, Esq; jun.

AS Authors write, in days of yore,
Three thousand years ago or more,
When Vice was little understood,
And people were so *wondrous* good,
That through the world you scarce could meet
A place like Newgate or the Fleet;
For Beauty and for Wit renown'd,
The toast of all the country round,
There dwelt a young engaging dame,
And fair Pandora was her name.

F

(A

(A name indeed which sounds antique
 Because 'tis borrow'd from the Greek,)

But shew me now one modern Belle
 That can Pandora's charms excel.—
 So fam'd she was, that ev'ry god
 Some mark of favour had bestow'd,
 And lest unlawful hands should soil it,
 Plac'd constant guard around her toilet;
 On which was laid, for shew or smell,
 Each necessary *Bagatelle*.

But here 'twere endless to relate 'em;
 Pins, powder, patches, and pomatum:
 Each essence too had Madam got
 From lavender to *burgamot*;
 And some with whom she was acquainted,
 Declar'd in private, Miss was painted.

From

From Heav'n in truth her colour came,
 So she you know was not to blame.——
 A box there was (thus runs the fable)
 By far the neatest on the table,
 Which Venus there one evening laid,
 (For Venus was a cunning jade)
 And envious of her high condition
 Gave poor Pandora this commission :

“ Within this box a secret lies
 “ Conceal'd with care from human eyes ;
 “ Whose dark contents when once resign'd,
 “ Will prove destruction to mankind.
 “ Then keep them close be sure : and try
 “ To guard 'gainst curiosity.”

This said. Away the goddesses flew.

Pandora curtsy'd, and withdrew.

But from the window, first of all,

She watch'd her o'er the garden wall,

And saw her (for she'd cause to doubt her)

Wrap a dark cloak of clouds about her.—

Now quite secure, away she flew,

Again the heav'nly gift to view.

“ In this same box there something odd is

“ I'm sure, and faith I smoke the goddesses.

“ She envies me my happy station,

“ And feign would hurt my reputation :

“ But since no mortal eye has seen us

“ I'll cross your cunning, Madam Venus,

“ And soon these dark contents I'll see.”

With this she seiz'd a master key,

And op'd the box ; when out there flew
 A strange unseeming motley crew ;
 Such as Pandora well might stare at ;
 The refuse of a Grubstreet garret.
 Ill-natur'd Satire stood the first,
 (Of ev'ry evil sure the worst)
 Vile Authors too whole legions led,
 With scribbling *Momus* at their head.—
 The hideous fight she could not bear,
 But sunk into an elbow chair,
 There lay as flat as any flounder,
 With all these evils group'd around her :
 But waking from her first amazement,
 She sent them packing through the casement ;
 Nor car'd a rush whoe'er had got 'em,
 So she had something left at bottom.—

Away again, as swift as wind,
 She ran to see if nought behind
 Might still be left to give her pleasure ;
 For sure the box must hold *some* treasure !
 “ Well ! now the goddess has prov’d kind
 “ I vow (she cries), for see behind
 “ A precious jewel still remains !
 “ I’ll take it, for ’tis honest gains.”
 But stooping low to snatch it up,
 She found it was a spark of *Hope*,
 And saw at last, to her vexation,
 That *Hope* had baulk’d her expectation.

O D E to H O P E.

I.

SWEET Hope ! thou pleasing inmate of the breast !

Parent of joy and source of rest !

Thy gracious power and gentle sway

The universal world obey.

Thou to the forrowing heart can’st peace bestow,

And give the wretch a respite from his woe !

But not on life alone thy pleasures wait :

Thy beams illumine the dark hour of fate,

And light the spirits as they fly

To taste the bliss that lives above the sky !

To thee, the grateful vow I pay,

When the sun gilds the opening day !

And when the shades of EVE prevail,

Thy praises float upon the gale !

Sweet nurse of joy, where'er I go,

Where'er I'm doom'd to stray,

Along the dreary vale of woe,

O lead me on my way !

While lightnings flash and thunders roar,

And the hoarse billows lash the shore ;

Amid the elemental strife,

Protect me from the ills of life !

Daughter of Heaven !—hear my prayer,

And save me from the pangs of black despair !

II.

See,—where she rises from her iron bed !

The gaping adders hissing round her head,

Now

Now with solemn step she goes

Brooding o'er her many woes ;

And now she starts with wild dismay,

As if some horrid vision cross'd her way.

Around her blood-stain'd eyes she throws,

That speak the terrors of her tortur'd soul ?

Aghast—she hears the distant thunders roll :

Vengeance pursues !—with winged speed she flies

I hear her shrieks,—I hear her yelling cries !

Vengeance pursues,—she flies in vain :

Lash'd by the scourge of unrelenting pain,

From yonder lofty cliff she darts into the main !

III.

Despair is fled !—within the troubled wave,

The hasty *demon* finds a treacherous grave.—

Come

Come then, sweet Hope, to my enraptur'd sight,

In flowing robe of azure bright !

And let me o'er thy mantle cast

Roses that will for ever last :—

Not those that, in the vernal bower,

Display the beauties of an hour,

But such as from AMELIA's hand receive

The lasting charms her magic art can give !

Come then, sweet Hope, and smile upon my strain !

But ah !—the wish were vain !

That round my brow the honour'd wreath might
twine,

And *Miller's* voice proclaim the triumph mine !

To

TO H O P E.

— DAVIS, Esq;

O THOU whose sweetly pleasing sway,
Our willing hearts with joy obey,
O Hope ! my prayer attend :
The prayer of one whose tortur'd heart,
Pierc'd by afflictions sharpest dart,
Finds Thee its only friend.

'Midst all the pangs which rend my breast
And long have robb'd my soul of rest,
On Thee I still rely ;
For Heav'n in mercy sent Thee here
And bade Thee wipe the bitter tear
That streams from Sorrow's eye.

O'er all mankind Thy care extends ;
 Thy balm the guilty wretch defends,
 From madness, and despair :
 To stop stern Justice in her course,
 Thou teachest him the wond'rous force,
 Of penitence, and prayer.

Virtue by tyrant pow'r oppress'd,
 Friendless, afflicted, and distress'd,
 By Thee is taught to rise ;
 And, conscious of her heav'nly birth,
 To scorn the narrow bounds of earth,
 And claim her kindred skies,

'Tis

'Tis Thine to pierce the dismal gloom,
Where Sorrow weeps o'er Friendship's tomb,
And hail that happy shore,
Where Pleasure shall for ever reign,
Where virtuous love unites again,
And friends shall part no more.

'Midst tort'ring racks, and scorching fires,
The hero whom Thy voice inspires,
In conscious virtue brave ;
Triumphantly resigns his breath,
And plucks the sting from vanquish'd death,
The vict'ry from the grave.

Oh may Thy kind, Thy gentle pow'r,
Sustain me in that dreadful hour,
When Nature shrinks aghast ;
When Death's cold hand these eyes shall close,
And my long pilgrimage of woes,
Shall have an end at last.

When the pale lamp of life expires,
When Reason calm, and Fancy's fires
Have left my panting breast ;
Oh still my lovely Cherub stay,
And bear my parting soul away,
To realms of endless rest.

TO H O P E.

I.

WHAT dreary prospects meets the eye,
How dismal howls the western wind,
What storms deface the azure sky,
And, ah ! what terrors seize the mind.
Say, to illume this gloomy scene,
Will no kind power its aid impart ?
Yes, Hope, she comes sweet soothing queen :
See through the shades her radiance dart,
And pours a balsam on the drooping heart.

II. She

II.

She in smiling future shows
Vernal meads and valleys gay,
Where the modest violet blows,
And laughing Nature gives the May,
And Summer's blythsome dewy eve,
When careless to the grove we stray,
Where jas'mines, woodbines interweave,
While Eglantine fyingas gay,
And fragrance-breathing roses strew the way.

III.

Sweet Hope, whose magic o'er the soul,
Alike the king and peasant find,
All join to bless thy soft controul,
Thou *first best* friend of human kind ;

Chas'd

Chas'd by thy smiles flies Care and Pain,
 And pining Love and black Despair,
 The rosy cherubs of thy train
 Are Pleasure, Joy, and Fancy fair,
 And jocund Mirth, sweet antidote to Care.

IV.

I woo the goddess to my heart,
 Oh deign to be a constant guest,
 Thy gentle soothing smiles impart,
 Throw by thy light fantastic dress,
 Thy glowing tints shall paint each scene
 That on life's toilsome stage appears,
 Thy magic glass shall intervene,
 And shield me from low thoughted cares,
 Till all my *days*, my *hours*, thy livery wears.

G

Subject,

2

Subject, H A R M O N Y.

HENCE, loathed Discord, hence,
 Pois'ning the soul with thy unlovely din,
 That first was heard within
 Rude caves, 'midst beings of perturbed sense.
 Fly to some drear abode,
 Where neither sun, nor moon, nor lively green,
 Have ever yet been seen——
 There whilst the pale inhabitants of hell
 Shrink at each hideous yell,
 O'er the grine found Darkness himself shall brood.
 But hail, thou goddess fair and free !
 Hail, divinest Harmony !
 By whose magic power of old
 Such feats were done, in story told——

As when the mariners who bore
 Arion from th' Italian shore,
 Check'd for a while their dark desire,
 Lift'ning to his rapt'rous lyre.
 Meantime along the glassy wave
 The sea-born nymphs were seen to lave,
 Sleek Panope herself from far
 Smoothly gliding in her car ;
 Till the charm'd dolphin playing round
 The gilded ship in sportive bound,
 Tam'd by the wonder-working strain
 Convey'd him o'er the watry plain.
 Or as when Orpheus swept the string,
 The nodding groves were heard to ring,
 And beasts, as if with sense endu'd,
 In fix'd amazement round him stood—

Come, thou hidden power divine,
And with thee, thy sisters join,
Ravishing Diversion bring,
Quaver sweetly vibrating,
Concord that raps the soul to joy
Breathing Peace without alloy,
Music floating on the air,
Echo, that delights to bear
The linked sweetness round and round,
Till Silence steal the dying sound.
O that those other of thy train
Might join their high immortal strain,
Who on the golden orbs attend,
Harmonizing, as they bend
Their various mazes, and fulfil
The Great Creator's perfect will.

But

But from this vesture of decay
 Those faintly sounds are borne away,
 In visionary flights alone
 To the dreaming poet known,
 Who from the steep of echoing hill
 Of Contemplation takes his fill,
 While forgetful Fancy to his ears
 Conveys the music of the spheres.—
 Thee, blest Enchantress, may I find,
 To soothe the cares that rend my mind,
 When pale Misfortune round me throws
 The sharpen'd sense of real woes ;
 Whether untimely death devour
 The prosp'rous hopes and blooming flower
 Of some lov'd friend, whose worth and truth
 Hath blest'd my studious hour of youth ;

Or med'cine fail at length to save
An honour'd parent from the grave.
But oh thy healing balm impart,
Should Love invade my easy heart,
If melting strains, like thine, can move
A power so near ally'd as Love.
Or when imagin'd ills oppress
Breeding self-harming heaviness,
That nurses with indulgent folly
The furlly spirit Melancholy,
And, still unsocial, loves to brood
O'er pale and sickly Solitude.
If in such dark and gloomy day
Thy sun may chase the mists away,
A moment yield compos'd relief,
And still the turbulence of Grief.

Oh

Oh may I ever haunt thy bower,
And duly hail thy magic power,
Bending, celestial Harmony,
Sweet daughter of the sphere, to thee.

THE POWERS OF HARMONY.

AN ODE.

I.

NYMPHS of the sacred hill ! to you belong

The grace and energy of song !

And while your praises I rehearse,

O deign to smile upon my verse ;

Whether by *Aganippe's* fount you stray

Or take your favourite way

G 4

Beneath

Beneath the fir-crown'd mountain's side
 Where *Avon* rolls its fullen tide :
 For oft you leave *Pierian* well,
 To seek fair *Easton's* * happy grove,
 The seat of Harmony and Love,
 Where Taste, and Elegance, and *Miller* dwell.

II.

Sure, 'tis an heavenly voice that sings !
 Some hand immortal sweeps the strings !
 To *Jesse's* lyre the magic notes belong :
 He sings—and lo !—the powerful song
 Make's *Israel's* king affrighted stand :
 The javelin trembles in his nerveless hand ;
 And Vengeance, weaken'd by the dulcet strain,
 Strives to strike,—but strikes in vain !

* Bath-Easton *Villa*.

Each haughty passion in the monarch's breast,

Hides its head and sinks to rest,

Again he strikes the lyre !

The flumbering tyrants of the heart

Spread their black wings and quick depart :

While the pleasing sounds inspire,

A purer flame,—a gentler fire !

III.

But hark !—I hear a loud, tumultuous strain

Rise on the breezes of the western main !

From *Mona's* heights, the *Druid* throng

Strike on their harps the dying song

Of Liberty :—th' arousing sounds inspire

Their hallow'd bosoms with impetuous fire !

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, they hurry to the war
 Where Death opposes in his scythed car,
 Their madd'ning fury scorns to fear
 Th' uplifted sword,—the hissing spear,
 The grieved warrior they defy ;
 They liv'd for freedom and for freedom die !
 They strike their harps in death !—the awful sound
 Spreads havoc and confusion round !
 Beside their harps the mangled forms remain,
 To glut the vulture and pollute the plain !

IV.

Why, gentle shepherd, on the mountain's brow
 With dangerous footsteps dost thou love to go ?
 Careless where thy flocks do stray,
 Why dost thou sometimes take the dubious way

Within

Within the thorny tanglings of the wood,
Or where the willow weeps beside the flood ?

Has *Amaryllis*' voice thy bosom charm'd,

And all thy tender feelings warm'd

With anxious love and soft desire ?

Return, thou pensive swain, the amorous fire

O make the reed declare thy flame,

And teach the echoes *Amaryllis* name !

Thy notes shall steal into her breast

And, with their soft'ning power, controul

The secret wishes of her soul !

O let her hear thy tender strain !

Lur'd by the sound she'll quit the plain ;

She'll soon like thee, devoid of rest,

Stray 'mid the tanglings of the wood,

Or where the willow weeps beside the flood :

Thy

Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion move ;
 And bend her alter'd soul to thee and love !

V.

O turn not thine attentive ear
 To those sweet sounds, thou lovely boy !
 Those pleasing sounds 'tis death to hear ;
 They only soothe you to destroy !
 'Tis *Circe* sings,—to tempt you to her bower :
 There hath she scatter'd every sweetest flower :
 But 'midst the flowers do poisonous adders lie,
 And her enchanting bowers but lead to infamy !
 Turn, turn thine eyes to where yon circling train
 Enjoy the pleasures of the plain !
 Go join their dance,—go join their song ;
 With them the festive hours prolong

In

In harmless sports and merry glee,
To sound of rural minstrelsy !
Their pleasures Virtue doth attend ;
For Pleasure there is Virtue's friend !

VI.

The passions rise—again they die
By the power of Harmony !
The soft lute soothes the lover's pains !
The trumpet sounds in martial strains ;
And lo ! the veteran, mark'd with many a scar,
Hastes impatient to the war :
While to the pealing *choir* 'tis given
To raise th' enraptur'd soul to heaven !

VII. Here

VII.

Here cease my simple lyre !

Let other bards to nobler heights aspire !

Let them, with bolder pinion, try

To trace the course of that fix'd Harmony

Which Nature, all obedient, hears ;

Which marks the day and marks the hour,

Commands the ocean's wave, directs the spheres,

And through creation bears the heavenly power !

I only strike the sounding shell,

In poor and in expressive verse, to tell

That Music's power can controul

The passions of the human soul :

That all the grace and harmony of song

To *Miller's polish'd mind belong !*

On

On the POWERS of HARMONY.

Miss DAVIS.

HA I L, soft Extasy divine !

Parent of the tuneful Nine ;

Power supreme, who can controul

Each varying passion of the soul :

Can fire with rage, can pity move,

Or melt the frozen heart to love :

Thy modulations can impart

Each transport to the feeling heart ;

E'en fiercest beasts thy power to show

Their wildness leave and gentle grow :

While the flocks that graze the land,

Hush'd in mute attention stand :

All

All universal spirit tell
 Chiefly where thou deign'st to dwell :
 Shall I court thee in the glade,
 Where zephyrs whisper through the shade ?
 While from every vernal spray
 The feather'd songsters chaunt their lay,
 Till Echo catch the dullest sound,
 And softly sweet the notes rebound ;
 While the fountain bubbling near
 Seems to say thou reignest *there*.
 No, 'tis at *Miller's* polish'd seat,
 Where *Wit*, and *Taste*, and *Genius* meet ;
 Where every Muse has chose to rove,
 And every Grace that tempts to love :
 When thus encircled she appears,
 And sweetly charms our list'ning ears

With

With sounds that equal Phœbus' lyre,
And can the coldest breast inspire :
'Tis *there* sweet Harmony we own
Thou reign'st triumphantly alone.

H A P P I N E S S .

By the Rev. Mr. JENNER.

O THOU our first and chiefest care,
The object of each wish and prayer,
The end we all pursue,
How shall I trace thy secret road ?
Where find thy ever blest abode,
Reveal'd, alas ! to few ?

H

Can

Can Wealth or Power thy favour claim ?

Can Virtue or exalted Fame

Obtain thy smile or love ?

Shall I pursue thee to the cell

Where venerable Hermits dwell

In cool sequestered grove ?

Art thou (O tell me) to be found

Amidst gay Pleasure's giddy round

That Mirth and Joy entwine ?

Or dost thou place thy blisful seat

In Solitude's belov'd retreat,

Thou plant of seed divine ?

Shall

Shall giddy Youth, or silver Age,
Thy envied *Protheus form* engage,
Or subtle Science please ?
Or dost thou shun the learned stores
Enraptur'd Knowledge still explores,
For Indolence and Ease ?

Or dost thou rather fill thy throne
In the contented mind alone
Which Truth and Honour guide ?
I see thee in thy beauties drest,
In Virtue's lovely form confest,
Associate by thy side.



(100)

Then let me rest and here reveal
Th' unerring dictate which I feel,
And each alike may find ;
That Happiness to all is known,
Who seek with humble heart the boon,
To no one spot confin'd.

Subject, H A P P I N E S S.

By — A—K—N—N, Esq;

OH, Happiness ! thou much desired good,
So seldom found, so little understood ;
Thy power, resistless, all the world obey,
And every beating bosom owns thy sway :
For thee, the merchant quits the bed of ease,
And tempts the dangers of the wintry seas ;

In

In hopes that you, sweet nymph, may come at last,

And well reward him for his labours past ;

But, ah ! how vain are all his air-built schemes,

New hopes still rise, and disappoint his aims.

The statesman, anxious to acquire a name,

Thinks to possess thee in the breath of fame ;

Through the false medium of ambition sees,

And at each step he rises hopes for ease ;

But still, some higher step that must be gain'd

Poisons the sweets of all he has obtain'd.

Then say, thou sweet enslaver of the mind,

Thou fairy dream, thou being undefin'd,

Where may we hope thy blest'd abode to find ?

Can Wealth, which rules mankind with tyrant sway,

With all its boasted powers procure thy stay ?

Can it relieve the sorrow-smitten heart,
 Or from infirmity bid pain depart ?
 Alas ! the sons of fortune all will own,
 That cares invade the softest beds of down :
 Since then, not Wealth, with all its gaudy train,
 Can the wish'd lot of Happiness obtain ;
 Grant me, ye powers, that I may pass my life,
 Far from the madding croud's tumultuous strife ;
 In some lone spot, where, unrestrain'd by art,
 Luxuriant Nature may her charms impart ;
 Far mov'd from dissipation's giddy round,
 For Happiness is there but seldom found :
 Bless'd with a wife, the mistress of my breast,
 In whose fond bosom all my cares may rest :
 Let her possess a tender, feeling mind,
 By sweetest sensibility refin'd :

An

An heart, that can with sympathetic glow
 Share in a brother's joy, a brother's woe :
 A temper even, and a judgment clear,
 Gentle as Zephyrs, and as Truth sincere.
 Let fortune then a competence bestow,
 Neither profusely great, nor meanly low ;
 Enough to answer simple Nature's ends,
 And share our blessings with some chosen friends :
 From each year's income we'll consign a part,
 To soothe the sorrows of the suff'ring heart :
 To wipe affliction from the widow's eye,
 Or feed the hungry poor that wanders by :
 And when our store denies the pow'r to give,
 We'll pity then the wretch we can't relieve.
 Thus cheaply blest'd, unknowing care or strife,
 With Delia and my friends I'd pass my life :

And if at length of Happiness I miss,
Foil'd in those scenes of fondly-fancied bliss;
With grief I'll lay the dear delusion down,
And dying, seek for her in worlds unknown.

Subject, B E A U T Y.

I.

BEAUTY's the theme, and Chloe bids me sing.
Beauty's a frail and fading thing,
It shines the meteor of an hour.
Yet whilst it lasts, the great, the small,
The rich, the poor, *the short, and tall,*
Confess the pretty Tyrant's power.

II. But

II.

But Chloe, beautiful and young,
Though fairer than the fairest ever sung,
Fail'd of that heart she wish'd to take.
Her forward carriage, Heaven be praised !
Subdu'd that flame her beauty rais'd,
And soon proclaim'd her for a rake.

III.

Know, Chloe, 'tis not a coquetish air,
But Virtue, stamps the merit of the fair,
The same to-morrow as to-day.
With modesty denied to thee,
With goodness (ah, too good for me !)
Thus — bore my heart away.

IV. She,

IV.

She, harmless Nymph, with cautious fear,
Suspects the offering of a heart sincere.

I wish my fairest would but try me.
For her I must for ever pray,
With her I could for ever stay,
And careless let the world go by me.

On B E A U T Y.

By the Rev. Mr. GR—V—S.

BEAUTY the theme,—the vocal string
Once more I tune thy power to sing.
But—can a day, a vacant hour,
Suffice to sing fair Beauty's power,

Whose

Whose praises have adorn'd the page
Of every Bard, of every Sage,
Ambitious to possess the bays,
From Plato's and from Homer's days ?

Myfterious source of love and joy !
What daring *tropes* shall I employ,
What glowing tints thy charms to dress ?
Which, ah ! I feel, but can't exprefs.

E'er rifing from the purpled main,
The Loves and Graces in her train,
Bright Venus claim'd thee for her *own* *,
Through Nature's works thy power was known.

* The Queen of Beauty.

In evening clouds of flaming gold,
Beauty enthron'd in state behold !
Or with the dewy morning rise
Refulgent from the Orient skies,
Awful she rules those orbs of light,
That glittering deck the wintry night :
Nor with superior lustre glows
In the chaste lily or the rose.

In works of art, her power the same,
Assuming fair *Proportion's* name,
The marble column's stately height
And swelling dome enchant our sight.

But,

But, in the dance see Delia * move !
Majestic as the Queen of Love.
There Beauty's charms complete appear,
Her various powers are centred there.
How vain are all the toils of art
To decorate each lovely part,
Where, Nature's gift, her charming soul
Pervades and animates the whole !
With brilliant gems from India's mines,
Her ivory neck encircled shines.
With lawn and lace her bosom veil'd,
Ten thousand charms there lie conceal'd :
Her robe with richest foliage blooms !
The glory of the British looms !

* The Author probably means either Lady A ———, Mrs. B ———,
Miss C ———, or Miss D ———

Delia,

Delia, thus pompously trick'd out,
We think her *beautiful* no doubt :
But oh ! remove that veil of dress,
And *Beauty's* self our eyes would bless.

April 14, 1774.

Induitur formosa est, exuitur ipsa forma.

Subject, B E A U T Y.

On seeing Miss HAYWOOD in the Gardens at
Bath-Easton Villa.

THE Goddess of Beauty with exquisite pain,
Was sought for by Cupid, but sought for in vain,
When thus the blind urchin proclaim'd in the streets,
Whoever the beautiful wanderer meets,

And

(III)

And will give an account of the place where she is,
The greatest reward I can give shall be his :
To the form I describe your attention bestow,
And I'm sure you my mother from thousands will know ;
For the charms of her face and a glance of her eyes,
In spite of indifference, forces surprise.
Ten thousand soft beauties appear in her form,
The Graces themselves do each action adorn,
What painter can draw or poet express,
The elegant neatness and ease of her dress :
Ambitious to gain the Blind Boy on my side,
To what he had said thus with joy I reply'd :
Oh Cupid ! sweet God, whom I've always ador'd,
Fair Venus shall soon to your arms be restor'd,
For by your description (unless it deceives)
I'm sure I can tell where the Goddess now is.

I lead him to *Miller's*, and there in the *grove*,
 I shew'd (as I thought her) the Goddess of Love.
 How great was his wonder, how much his surprise,
 When first he beheld fair *Haywood's* bright eyes ;
 He gaz'd on each feature, and study'd each grace
 Which added fresh lustre, and charms to her face.
 Is't possible, Heavens ! with raptures, he cry'd,
 There can be such beauty, untainted with pride.
 Though you've been in an error, fond mortal, he said,
 Yet still all my losses are amply repaid :
 In search of my mother, in vain I may rove,
 Then henceforth be *Haywood* the Goddess of Love.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY ! thou unexhausted theme,
 Fantastic visionary name,
 To clime or subject unconfin'd,
 The sportive produce of the mind,
 Capricious object of our love,
 As passion or as fancy move,
 What e'er thy essence men obey,
 An all respectful homage pay.

The Lover sighs for charms divine,
 And bends at lovely Delia's shrine ;
 His incense offers to the fair,
 And consecrates perfection there ;

I

The

The Miser views it in his pelf,
 The Macaroni in himself,
 And sees with rapture in his glass
 The trifling gaudy image pass.
 Another his conclusion draws
 From Nature, and from Nature's laws ;
 Transported, views the rosy morn,
 Each flower, and dew-bespangled thorn,
 The golden glories of the field,
 That Ceres and Pomona yield.

Newton and Ferguson agree
 'Tis center'd in Philosophy,
 In Optics, Fluids, Vegetation,
 In Motion, and in Gravitation ;
 While Fancy takes a different course,
 And Sportsmen *deify* a horse.

What's Beauty then, since all the prize
 As Fancy dictates analyfe?
 Ladies, attend whilst I unveil
 The secret moral of the tale :
 Though in external objects feen,
 Yet seek the real gem within :
 In *Virtue* 'tis best understood :
 'Tis *Truth*, 'tis *Moral Rectitude*.

The PLEASURES of TOWN compared
 with those of the COUNTRY.

Oxon, Feb. 27, 1775.

LET others love, at early morn,
 To rouse the deer with hound and horn ;

Or, levelling with certain aim,
 Arrest with death the flying game ;
 Or, to avoid the sultry heat
 Of Phœbus, to some bower retreat,
 And in a fragrant myrtle grove
 Pipe forth soft sonnets to their love ;
 Or in mild eve delight to stray
 Through verdant ranks of new-mown hay ;
 And when the arbitress of night,
 Pale *Luna*, pours her radiant light,
 Wander through the friendly shade
 To some distant woodland glade,
 Where *Philomel* adown the vale
 Sweetly pours her plaintive tale ;
 Or listen with serene delight
 To the solemn bird of night.—

To me such scenes no joy impart,
 These with no transport warm my heart ;
 For can the straw-roof'd cot or cell
 Where humble peasants solely dwell,
 Exceed what art commands to rise—
 Structures high pointed to the skies ?
 Or say—Can brown *Buxoma* vie
 With *Belinda*'s piercing eye ?
 Or can *Blouzelind* compare
 With *Clara*, fairest of the fair ?—
 Let those who vulgar beauties prize
 Above the charms of *Celia*'s eyes,
 From joys of Town afar retire
 To taste the sweets which they inspire,
 And with *Sparabella* rove
 Through the verdant bow'r and grove ;—

But rather would I wish to stray
 Where softer Beauty leads the way,
 Where *Chloe's* lips distil perfume,
 And *Delia's* eyes pronounce our doom :
 Where *Venus* and the Graces meet—
 (Perchance at *Miller's* gay RETREAT,
 Where Mirth and sprightly Wit attend,
 And court their PATRONESS and FRIEND :)—
 Else led by Beauty's winning call
 To view the Graces at a ball,
 On swiftest wings of love I mount
 Once more to visit *Bladud's* fount ;
 Here, encircled by the fair,
 Let my frequent steps repair ;
 Here let me enamour'd view
 Fragrant lips of rosy hue,

And

And imbibe, with aching heart,
 The pleasing pain of *Cupid's* dart—
 Then let those, whom Fancy leads
 To cragged rocks, and verdant meads,
 Or to deep and darksome cells
 Where pensive Contemplation dwells,
 Unenvy'd wander ever free
 (*BEAUTY* has greater charms for me).
 Kings may rule with awful sway,
 While the list'ning tribes obey ;
 Princes may unenvy'd reign,
 If with *Celia* I remain ;
 If with her alone I rove,
 All is Extasy and Love.

TO MRS. MILLER.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TOWN AND
COUNTRY COMPARED.

JAMES BURGESS, Esq;

Subject, *Acrostic* ; and *Bouts Rimées*.

Blest Queen of Easton's happy bowers, ah hear !
A bsent I sigh, and wish myself more near.
T hy wit, thy charms, by rival poets sung
H ave sages pleas'd, and fir'd the ardent young.
E xtatic joys reside beneath thy shade,
A bove those shows which courtly pomp has made.
S till may kind Fate your tuneful band defend,
T he world to charm, and Genius to befriend :
O h ! may each Belle more lovely still appear,
N or e'er delights of Town like YOUR'S endear.

Subject, CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

By — DIGBY, Esq;

IN our forefathers rude but honest days,
 When Mirth sincere, though homely, had its praise;
 E'er Christmas pies and puddings were disgrac'd,
 Or Hospitality grew out of taste;
 This was the season when, with hearty cheer,
 They grateful crown'd the labours of the year:
 Profusion deck'd each hospitable board,
 Plenty, not elegance, was then the word:
 With *huge sirlains* the loaded tables groan'd,
 And Britain's sons their country's glory own'd:
 The spacious hall with sacred garland's dress'd,
 Welcom'd sincere each uninvited guest;

Mirth

Mirth then shone bright in every rustic face,
 And heighten'd Nature's unaffected grace.
 The comely maid, of rural beauties vain,
 The pride and envy of the village train,
 Her glossy locks, with gaudy ribbands dress'd,
 That in loose ringlets wanton'd on her breast;
 Her cheeks the bloom of health alone adorn'd,
 Nor then was Nature's RUDDIER PENCIL scorn'd.
 Yet was her form set off with every art
 Which country luxury could then impart :
 Not negligent in dress, but, taught by Love,
 She knew full well each beauty to improve ;
 For Love alone can every grace supply,
 And add *new* lustre to the brightest eye.
 'Twas Love, not Fortune, led her early feet,
 At morning's dawn, the favour'd swain to meet :

The

The ominous kifs, beneath the hallow'd bough,
 Confirm'd the happy Colin's plighted vow.
 In feasts and jocund sports they pass'd the day,
 And Winter's tedious hours beguil'd away.
 Their tables cover'd with substantial cheer,
 And crown'd with canns of stout October beer,
 And the rich nectar of the wassel bowl,
 Whose spicy draughts inspir'd the dullest soul.
 With pipe and tabor's animating sound,
 And fiddles harsher notes the walls resound.
 Sudden, with aukward step, the swains advance,
 And buxom maidens lead the artless dance.
 Dancing was then by Nature only taught,
 E'er sage professors had from Gallia brought
 The *Balancé*, the *Pas de Rigadon*,
 And all the mazes of the *Cotillon*.

Their

Their joys were simple, to their manners fit,
Their laugh was loud, and rather coarse their wit.
No modern arts of luxury they knew,
Though few their pleasures, yet their wants were few.

Yet let not fondness for these ancient days
Deny to modern times their share of praise :
Science extended, Wit and Taste refin'd,
And all the great improvements of the mind,
More polish'd manners, and the art to please,
And join with Knowledge unaffected Ease :
These are our boasts, and these may well supply
The loss of barbarous Hospitality.
And what ! though Vice more tempting now appears,
Yet Virtue too a fairer visage wears ;

Nor

Nor (conscious of their pow'r) will she disdain

T'admit the lovely Graces in her train.

Yet say not Hospitality is fled,

And Mirth no longer rears her drooping head ;

On *Avon's banks* the Sisters blithe once more

Have fix'd THEIR COURT, and glad his peaceful shore :

Not in their old unseemly garments seen,

But *Taste* and *Elegance* adorn their mien :

They see renew'd their *ancient Christmas feast*,

And every Muse a new and favourite guest ;

For MILLER's call what Muse will disobey,

Where Wit and festive Humour point the way.

For her (FAIR PATRONESS) th' advent'rous Bard,

On trembling wing, this humble flight has dar'd ;

Nor yet ambitious of a poet's fame,
Her kind indulgence is his only claim :
And if these artless, unharmonious lays
Gain but her smiles, he asks *no other praise*.

The CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

— BOUGHTON, Esq;

AS Christmas Gambols are our theme,
Let's search through good old times,
And skim, where'er we can, the cream
Of Gambols, for our rhymes.

Full many a good old game 's forgot,
In these insipid days,
Which, if old folks believ'd may be,
Well worthy were of praise.

'Twas

'Twas in that merry Monarch's reign,
When Charles o'er Britain fway'd,
Court dames, and lords of high renown,
Each night some Gambol play'd.

I have premis'd, 'twas ancient times
When kings such games did choofe,
At *Westminster* each night to play
The Royal Game of Goose.

Oft would the king with beauteous dame,
Carouse it o'er the bowl,
And then would play the sprightly game,
'Yclept *My Lady's Hole.*

We'll

We'll visit now the City dames,
The aldermen and mayor ;
The frequent pranks that here are play'd,
Makes Christmas *all the year*.

Ah ! could their worships but divine,
Where their fine ladies go,
Each neighbour might, to play agree
At Cuckolds All-a-Row.

The Town to quit for Country sports,
Will give us better cheer :
The pastimes we'll not all recite,
That's play'd in *Bed-fordshire*.

At

At villages and market towns,
The lads the lasses wheedle,
Each evening in the holidays,
To play at *Thread my Needle*.

But when the weather proves unkind,
As oft these times betide,
Some parties play at *Blind Man's Buff*,
And others *Hoopers-hide*.

Full many a lass *this game* doth rue,
Both rich as well as poor,
Far better had they learnt to play
At *Beat Knave out of Door*.

Whilst in the parlour cards are play'd,
Or novels shall be read,
The servants shall the *Slipper hunt*
And mould the *Cockle Bread*.

Each lady has her hobby-horse,
Few men without their poney ;
May *Laugh and lie down* be my lot,
With *Loo, and Matrimony*.

And, now I've done, this boon I crave,
'Twill make my Muse to amble,
(For tir'd she is) a sprig you'll give,
The Master of the Gambol.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

By JAMES BURGESS, Esq;

*T*IME was, when nought the social mirth controul'd,
But Britons revell'd, hardy, rough, and bold ;
Regarded Christmas as a gen'ral feast,
Where pleasure reign'd, and ev'ry labour ceased.
Then, when stern Winter cloath'd the hardened
ground,

The jocund voice of mirth was heard around :
They felt no frost, when warm'd with fav'ry pies,
And humming liquor made them storms despise.
Roused by the din, old Care the banquet fled,
And hoary Winter seemed to hide his head.
See where they sit ! all ranks, all toils forgot,
Resolved to share one equal happy lot :

How with loud burst of joy their sides they shake
When King and Queen divide the huge Twelfth
Cake !

Or if at Blindman's Buff an hour they pass,
Fafts binds her lover's eyes the dext'rous lass,
Then turns him loose ; all seek some secret shade,
While chairs and stools his suffering shins invade :
But, if the luckless lout should chance to fall,
What shouts of laughter eccho through the hall.

Such Time once was : now turn another page,
See what *Time is* in this politer age.
Such clownish pranks, such frolics we disdain,
To guzzle ale, or laugh at others' pain ;
By learning, commerce, and by arts refin'd,
At length we feel new pleasures in the mind :

Christmas

Christmas exulting sees a calmer scene,
 And changes noisy mirth for joy serene.
 No more of manners rude and stern we boast,
 Nor scorn the produce of our neighb'ring coast;
 But blest with truer taste, we strike the lyre,
 And feel our bosoms warm'd with heavenly fire:
 Then sing each lovely nymph in smoothest verse,
 Each beauty praise, and ev'ry grace rehearse.
 Alike uncurst by Envy, baneful guest,
 Or Hate, that scorpion of the human breast,
 We see perfections rise in ev'ry line,
 Where decent Wit and Sentiment combine.
 Taste felt the change, and, leaving *Latium's coast*,
 O'er British minds her empire deigns to boast;
 Here fix'd her standard, here preferr'd to reign,
 And MILLER chose, the *leader* of her train.

Yet a few moments lend, ye Fair ! and see
 What fate will still attend ; what *Time* shall be.
 A Time shall come, so strict the fatal doom,
 When lovely *White*, when *Pitt* no more shall bloom,
 When the fresh rose on *Jenning's* cheek shall fade,
 And age * *Amelia's* locks with snow shall shade :
 Then shall remembrance of their former joy,
 And time well-spent³ the pleasing hours employ ;
 Then shall a lovely offspring round them wait,
 And list'ning catch the story they relate :
 Mark how each art was tried to grace the mind,
 How rose the Muses, how the world refin'd ;
 When, from thick clouds emerging, Wit appear'd,
 And from the *sacred vase* shone forth revered.
 'Twas then we join'd the tuneful band, they'll say,
 Then struck the chords, and sung the pleasing lay ;

* Lady Amelia Ker.

In tend'rest strains each youth then spoke his love,
 Which all might charm, which **PIERCY** might approve;
 For **PIERCY** then in *those* blest shades was found,
 Not less for virtues than for rank renown'd.
 Fired by the tale they catch the heav'nly flame,
 And eager burn to emulate the fame.
 Thrice hail, ye happy times ! what endless stores
 Of Wit shall then salute these happy shores !
 Then future *Millers* shall appoint the prize,
 While future *Percys*, future *Lothians* rise.

ODE on the NEW YEAR.

I.

THE power of Time,—his triumphs I would sing !
 Aid me, ye Muses, while I touch the string !

Ye, who the power of Time defy,
Cloth'd in the robes of Immortality !
Where'er I turn mine eyes his power appears,
Trampling on the waste of years !
Egypt and all her sages are no more !
Proud *Babylon* is levell'd to the ground !
Where once she stood the prowling lions roar,
And fright the desert with their hideous sound !

II.

See, where the stately towers arise !
The gilded turrets glitter in the sun !
Art rais'd the fabric, and defies
The power of Time to bring its ruin on !
Around, the winding riv'lets flow !
On every bank the roses blow !

There

There Fancy tries her utmost power
 To rear the pile and deck the bower ;
 The *linnet* there on every spray
 Warbles forth its tender lay ;
 And *philomel*, in every grove,
 Tunes the dulcet song of love !
 But soon the splendid vision melts away !
 Smote by the hand of Time the towers decay,
 And all their glories fade !
 Low in the dust the boasted fabric's laid !
 Around its walls no more the riv'lets flow ;
 No more upon its banks the roses blow !
 Within its bowers the deadly nightshade creeps ;
 Within its groves the pois'nous serpent sleeps !
 Where once the linnet tun'd its tender lay,
 The inauspicious raven wings his way !

Where philomela sung the song of love,
The shrieking rats in airy morrice move !
Art views the ruin'd scene,—the crumbled tower,
And sighing,—yields to Time's superior power !

III.

What mournful sounds are those I hear ?
Sure some dire ruffian from the mother's breast
Doth the affrighted infant tear !
Oh no !—'tis Cupid's loud alarms
And bitter cries that fill the air !
Seiz'd by the hand of Time, the struggling boy
In anguish views the fatal shears
Which the hoary victor bears
His fluttering pinions to destroy !
But ah ! he strives in vain,—nor can Love's tender cry
Appease the stern, relentless deity !

IV.

And cannot Beauty force him to obey ?

Nor * *Dutton's* form, nor *Dutton's* grace

Nor all the charms of her angelic face

Can turn the tyrant from his destin'd way !

Thine eyes, thou lovely Maid, will cease to shine so
bright !

Thy flowing tresses must be grey !

Thy smiles no more will give delight !

Those looks which seem by Heaven design'd

To tell the virtues of thy mind,

All, all must hasten to decay !

Restrain thy cruel hand, O Time !

Nor cut the beauteous flower in its prime !

O turn the blasting wind aside,

And let it grow the garden's pride !

* Now Mrs. Cook.

For *Virtue's* sake that beauty-spare,
Which *Virtue* doth delight to wear !

V.

On *Avon's* verdant bank reclin'd,
While the clear stream receives the gentle wind,
I view the passing wave, and as it flows,
Mark how the year in silence goes !
The wave is past,—the year is gone !
Ah me !—how swift the years have flown away,
Since first I felt the genial sun ;
Since first my infant eyes beheld the day !
And soon, perhaps, the time may come
That brings the irrevocable doom !
When I shall feel the genial sun no more,
And the short, feverish day of life be o'er !

But

But know, stern Fate, I do not fear the hour
When I must bend to thy almighty power ;
And though around my path no roses grow ;
Though early wrinkles mark my face,
And my head bears untimely snow.
I never, never will repine ;
If Time but spares the mental grace,
If the soft feelings of the heart be mine !

A serious ODE on NEW YEAR'S DAY.

OF time, of months, and fleeting years,
Unconscious, we pursue
Th' ideal phantom Happiness,
In seeking something new.

Pregnant

Pregnant with joy yon blushing dawn
Fresh transport seems to give,
Which man, for noblest purpose born,
Vain man forgets to live.

Still something 'midst life's pleasing toils
Corrodes the human breast,
With anxious steps we still pursue
A something unpossess.

Till age and disappointment prove
This maxim ever clear,
In vain we look for solid bliss,
There's nought but shadows here.

Think

Think not, ye Fair, the rising year
Aught novel can bestow ;
Life's but at best a chequer'd scene
Of pageantry, of woe.

And while this busy maze we tread,
Though both alternate reign :
Ah ! think how transient is the bliss,
How permanent the pain.

Ye jocund swains who fondly hope
For many years in store ;
Live, as you'd wish that you had liv'd
When Time shall be no more.

With

With critic eye each year review

Past levities of youth,

And consecrate the future hour

To *Penitence* and *Truth*.

Correct whate'er obstructs the way

To Sion's blest abode :

No more adopt the sensual plan,

Henceforth the Man of God.

Say, have you with a lenient hand

E'er sooth'd the orphan's moan ;

Or have you made, by sympathy,

The widow's pangs your own ?

Have

Have you from penury and pain

E'er wip'd the silent tear ?

Or have you practis'd, as you ought,

Each moral virtue here ?

With transport then no more await

Yon bright revolving sun,

But to be blest amend the past

If aught is yet undone.

Before the solemn trumpet sounds

From vain delusions free,

Before the bubble bursts, and Time

Sinks in ETERNITY.

L

On

ON ELEGY, OR ELEGIAC COMPOSITION.
TO CELIA.

UNTAUGHT by Science artlessly I drew,
Thy picture, Celia ! goddess ever gay,
These flights of fancy dedicate to you,
And close these lines in compliment to GRAY.

Ye fond admirers of this fleeting age !
Ye tuneful bards of an enlighten'd birth !
Permit not smooth and elegiac page,
To fix her reign in cold plebeian earth.

Ope your FAM'D VILLA's hospitable door,
Leave glitt'ring courts, and all the pomp of kings,
Those flow'ry paths which angels must adore
Obtain protection from their mantling wings.

In that *sweet villa's* shady calm retreat,
Where many a day we pass in social ease,
Where many a dull and tedious hour we cheat,
In sports so harmless which delight and please.

Hail, pensive Elegy !—for thee I mourn :

Hail ! the soft charm of thy prolific lay ;
With joyful smiles I welcome thy return,
And shed, in gratitude, a tear for *Gray*.

The Subject, E L E G Y .

An E L E G Y on the Death of ELIZA.

COULD sad reflection e'er call forth a thought,
To wound the heart with sorrows yet unknown :
Or shew how dear the sweets of life are bought ;
Which scarce are tasted, but as soon are flown.

Too sure 'twould stamp for ever on my mind,
How once Eliza's converse I enjoy'd :
How once I tasted ev'ry bliss refin'd,
Which now the fates have cruelly deny'd.

Who but had sigh'd to view that spotless maid,
When first I saw her, innocent and gay :
When all the Loves and Graces round her play'd ;
Ev'n Envy hid her face and stole away.

Such goodness did her ev'ry look declare !
Harmonious numbers dwelt upon her tongue :
Her death had made the Stoic drop a tear,
To see such excellence depart so young.

Reason were vain, or philosophic art,

To calm my grief since fair Eliza's flown :

Since Death unpitying wing'd his fatal dart :

Stole her from life, and lodg'd her in the tomb.

Subject, E L E G Y.

LONG may the Muses give the polish'd mind

Pleasures which Taste and Genius only find.

But tell me, *Miller*, how shall we explore,

The highest charm amidst their sacred store ?

To all it varies, for as fancy guides

Our judgment follows what our heart decides.

To Wit, to Humour, some decree the prize,

Whilst others view them with indiff'rent eyes ;

And quitting gayer scenes delight to dwell
 In sad Melpomene's sequester'd cell.
 Hail to the Muses ! may their tuneful art
 Still charm the senses, and correct the heart :
 Whatever form, whatever dress they wear,
 Still are their sounds melodious to my ear ;
 But chief my praises shall the nymph obtain
 Whose lyre attunes the elegiac strain ;
 Those sweetly plaintive sounds to me bestow
 Pleasures, which some perhaps would scorn to know,
 Whilst life shall animate this vital frame,
 Thy * *fair Unfortunate*, oh Pope ! shall claim
 Each tender sentiment thy bosom knew,
 And Pity's tear her hallow'd dust bedew.

* Alluding to Mr. Pope's Elegy on the death of an unfortunate lady.

Immortal Bard ! of all thy various lays,
 None more than this demands superior praise.
 With solid sense and unaffected ease
 Thou knew'st at once to charm, instruct, and please ;
 Long shall thy mem'ry, and thy works be dear,
 And ages yet unborn thy name revere.

Nor *Hammond* be thy gentle strains forgot,
 Though fortune smil'd not on thy humble lot ;
 The sad remembrance of thy hapless flame,
 Shall live immortaliz'd with *Delia's* name.

Next let the Muse her choicest tribute pay
 And hail, with gratitude, her darling *Gray* :
 " Far from the madding crowd" he lov'd to tread,
 With pensive step the mansions of the dead :

Nor did his soft harmonious lays disdain,
 To grace the spot where slept the village swain †.
 Mute now, alas ! is that melodious lyre,
 And hush'd the voice that led the tuneful choir :
 Peace to his ashes ! and around his tomb,
 May never-fading laurels sweetly bloom.

Say, shall the friend who to his soul was dear,
 Forget, neglected pass unnotic'd here ?
 Forbid it Heaven ! that *Mason's* honour'd name,
 Be e'er omitted in the list of fame.

Hark ! when his moral lyre is tun'd to woe,
 How just, how strong, the notes pathetic flow :
 Methinks, ev'n now, the sacred strains I hear,
 Which grac'd bright *Coventry's* untimely bier *.

† Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

* Mr. Mason's Elegy on the death of La^{dy} Coventry.

Those plaintive lays with sweet instruction fraught,
Speak to the soul, and wake the serious thought.

Oh, Mason ! long to ev'ry virtue known,
Far spread the glory of thy just renown ;
For thee my heart this wish sincere shall frame,
Enjoy thy past, and merit future fame :
Long may a wond'ring world thy works admire,
'Then wept, regretted, from that world retire.

Subject, E L E G Y.

HARK !—'tis the church bell tolls,—whose solemn sound

The steady purpose of my soul invades ;
In vain I strive to reach yon hallow'd ground,
Unmov'd 'midst Melancholy's hovering shades.

All powerful Nature, struggling to oppose
What lenient aids Reflection might impart ;
Brings soft Persuasion to the plaintive close,
Ah ! what is Reason to a feeling heart ?

Grief such as mine, pent up within my breast,
No common course of friendly comfort hears :
Say, can a heart, can eyes like mine have rest !
Deny'd the solace ev'n of melting tears.

Now for a moment I possess my soul,
Religion claims what Reason must resign ;
Again my feelings baffle all controul ;
'Tis human still contending with divine.

Say,

Say, is not life the bubble of an hour,

Blown by Time's breath upon th' eternal main ?

Awhile to float in play of feeble power,

Then burst, and join Eternity again.

'Gainst Heaven's decree shall Sorrow then prevail ?

Each grateful offering of the heart prevent :

Shall not Hope dawn upon the cheerless vale ?

It shall, my bursting sorrows must have vent.

Oh ! she was good, and amicably kind,

Her form was fashion'd with peculiar grace :

Each fairer virtue that adorn'd her mind,

Was seen in softer smiles upon her face.

She

She did not seek by midnight lamps to shine,
Ye Fair, with borrow'd or with study'd charms ;
Her vows she paid at sweet retirement's shrine,
And veil'd her beauty in a lover's arms.

The breath of Truth did from her lips exhale,
Her speech the mildest was the fair among ;
Sad sight to see those quivering lips turn pale,
To hear Death's faltering accents from that tongue.

Say, were my days too gayly gilded o'er
With bliss, for man his final doom to trace ?
That Heav'n, indulgent to my vows before,
Has snatch'd an angel from my fond embrace.

For sure the true, the simple joys of life,
To this as to their common center tend,
The love unrival'd of a virtuous wife,
The kindred feelings of a bosom friend.

Let mad Ambition by the gay be sung,
Or Fortune smiling through a golden shower;
From such pursuits my feeble bow unstrung,
On Recollection lives my present hour.

And that my last, like hers whose loss I mourn,
May be in Virtue's sacred page approv'd;
May raise this fair inscription on my urn,
He died *lamented*, as he liv'd *belov'd*.

I ask no more, back let my sorrows bring
Her form divine, as virtuous as 'twas giv'n,
Serene I'll mount on Hope's triumphant wing
To meet my Fair One in the courts of Heav'n.

The Subject, E L E G Y.
On the E L E G I A C M U S E.
By Miss DAVIS.

'T WAS at Bath-Easton where the *Fair*
And all the *Beaux Esprits* repair,
That ever sigh for fame.
There often from the hill, Parnassus,
Apollo, and his sprightly lasses,
To pass the morning came.

All but that melancholy maid,
Of pensive look, that loves the shade
Where weeping lovers stray,
Yet once, so sweet her sisters drew,
The festive scene, she left the *yew*
And e'en her favourite *Gray*,

All sweetly beam'd her pensive eyes,
Bright as the blue that paints the skies
When vernal roses bloom.
A cypress bound her flowing hair,
With budding myrtle here and there,
Which gave a soft perfume,

Attentive

Attentive near the VASE reclin'd,
With Modesty and Sweetness join'd,
She listen'd to the lays ;
For *Miller*, gracefully polite,
Had pray'd each different Bard to write
A sonnet in her praise.

Then rising with peculiar grace,
A gentle smile play'd o'er her face,
Her pensive accent stole :
Each listening ear, each raptur'd sense,
Whilst her soft eloquence dispense
A charm that won the soul.

Ah

Ah me ! no longer wild surprise

Within my pensive breast shall rise,

Why every blooming Grace,

And *Love*, with every *Sister Muse*,

Should leave their groves, and rather chuse

To haunt *this* favour'd place.

But *I* no more must here be seen,

I seek the dull *Funereal Green*

Where weeping Love appears ;

Where soft ey'd Melancholy strays,

We join to all our tender lays,

The luxury of tears.

M

Oh

Oh may no blooming *Nymph* or *Swain*
That haunt *these* groves, invoke my strain,
To paint successful love :
May each *be just*, may each *be true*,
And, *Miller*, long, long blest'd by you,
Oh be this FAIRY GROVE.

BENEVOLENCE. A Poem.

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. ALLEN.

By the Rev. Mr. H—DC—LE.

DEEP in the shades of yon high-seated grove,
That in its rude and untrim'd dignity
Flings awful charms o'er Nature, and from Man
Claims adoration to the Power who rais'd it,

Penfive I rov'd, and in my fancy said ;
 " If soft Benevolence be Nature's child,
 " This the late scene * of *Allen's* blest'd abode
 " Must be her residence."—Nature methought
 Seem'd partial to the spot ; the buxom Spring
 Stopping his annual circuit through the isle
 In these lov'd haunts doth loiter. Lo ! the proof—
 In other meads the hawthorn scarce is green
 Yet that loud guardian of her callow young,
 High in the wood, the noisy rook, sits nested.—
 In the soft page of many a tuneful Bard
 My pleasing fancy oft had trac'd the scene
 Which now, with strictly recognizing ken,
 In musing mood I travers'd.—Pleasing theme !
 Well might the Muse of *humble Allen* sing ;
 To rural sojourn he had woo'd her oft,

* Prior Park, near Bath.

For Genius, her lov'd paramour, was there ;
 And frank good-humour, pleas'd whilst he pleas'd,
 Would meet her ever at the good man's board,
 Where plain sense spoke their welcome.—Such the host !
 Benevolence prepar'd the rich repast,
 And they were blest'd who shar'd it.—Mark the change !
 Visit the dreary dome ! Some weeping Grace
 May tell thee what was order. Some sad Muse,
 Still lingering o'er the desolated scene,
 May mourn the fate of lost Benevolence.
 Yes—*Allen* and Benevolence were one :
 Yon smiling infant lisps the good man's name :
 He liv'd, he died respected.—Happy fate !
 Yet—stop not here. Behold ! yon straw-roof'd cot.
 The thankful mother, busied 'mid a group
 Of neat-clad children, still recounts the tale :

It was in luckless hour : dire fate of war !

Accurs'd necessity ! Far from his home,

To foreign climes, her wretched spouse was torn.

What then remain'd for her ?—The widow's curse.

Who in the piercing anguish of her soul,

Dares antedate Heav'n's doom, cast off the load

Of hated life, and desperate estate !

Rushing forbidden on a world unknown,

Leaves her lost children orphans.—Such her fate !—

When (copying Him who erst to bless mankind :

Matchless example of Benevolence !

From Heav'n of Heav'ns deign'd stoop) with saving
hand

Allen stept forth. Grief heard his well-known voice.

Benevolence, it seems, hath charmed speech.

Grief loves to listen to her.—'Twas ever so !

A shepherd swain could soothe a troubled king :
 Benevolence with soft hand swept the lyre.
 E'en guilt was calm'd, and Jesse's son rewarded ;
 The story yields a lesson for mankind.
 Let all attend. All ranks may profit by it—
 Yes—he who saves one mortal from despair
 Hangs high a trophy in the court of Heaven,
 There valu'd more than all the war-won spoils
 That giant strength e'er fought for. Learn we then—
 To weave the wreath immortal. Think, my friend,
 While rosy youth sits crimson on thy cheek,
 Think 'mid the giddy crowd. From *Miller* take
 The hint instructive, and, like her, be wise.
 She gives the moral theme. The fault is thine,
 Should wayward Fancy, or false Wit, invite
 To aught but serious musing.—Ask thyself!—

Knock

Knock at the door of Reason ! Thine own heart
Knows best if soft Benevolence be there.

Dost thou want farther proof ? Reflect, my friend,
When jest licentious pain'd the glowing cheek
Of female innocence, say, Didst thou feel
With those it meant to torture ? When the fair
Forgave the foul offence, didst thou, like her,
Confess the power of soft Benevolence ?

If thou ne'er felt the charm confess it now—

Miller *completes what Allen but began :*

Thus Solomon of old display'd his state ;
But had the wise king view'd great Sheba's court,
His pride convinc'd, he had there confess'd
His fine-drawn schemes were to perfection brought,
His splendor all by *female sense* outshone,
His every plan full-finish'd.—Yes, my friend,

Fair Genius but in Beauty's sunshine lives ;
Cheer'd by the ray of soft Benevolence
The sickly plant shall thrive : I see it all !—
The tow'ring laurel, in its full-grown pride,
With grateful foliage oft shall deck her brow,
Whose smile benignant, like a parent's care,
Beam'd forth protection on the tender slip,
Which other planters, with ill-judging eye,
Cast out, regardless of its vast account,
'Mong vulgar shrubs—a thing not worth the rearing.

To

TO AUTUMN.

By — MANSELL, Esq; Trinity College, Cambridge.

O Thou who rul'st the rip'ning year,
Blithe god, vouchsafe awhile,
To lend the Muse a list'ning ear,
O deign to lend a smile !

Where'er thy genial sports invite,
(Indulge the fond request)
O bid me join the festal rite,
And hail me for thy guest !

Whether, as through the vale I tread,
Thy harvests thick are seen ;
When richer robes adorn the mead,
The golden for the green :

When

When mirth that finish'd labour yields

Awakes the neighb'ring grove ;

When all throughout the laughing fields

Is *Innocence* and *Love* :

Whether at eve the joyous train

The sprightliest notes advance,

And ev'ry nymph and ev'ry swain

Leads on the rural dance :

While as, the social hall around,

(From out thy nectar'd store)

The board with ruddy fruitage crown'd,

Improves the festal hour.—

Such

Such joys as these, if thou can'st give

To my admiring heart ;

'*Mid such*, blest pow'r, I ask to live,

Where Virtue bears a part.

And Oh ! while oft the grateful smile

For joys like these I wear ;

Still may I keep in store, the while,

For other's woes a *tear* !

So shall I view (blithe Autumn gone)

Serene, with equal ease,

The Winter *of the year* come on,

And Winter *of my days*.

MORAL

M O R A L O D E,

On a retired HERMITAGE in the Gardens of
Bath-Easton—VILLA.

G. H——T, Esq;

SEQUESTER'D from the joys of Sense,
From Folly, and Impertinence,
From Envy, Malice, and Deceit,
Companions of the guilty Great,
Lets steal, my lovely Philomel,
Unseen to YONDER RUSTIC CELL ;
There taste (if bliss on earth there be
In Nature's garb Simplicity)
Those placid joys, to kings unknown,
Which conscious Virtue deems her own ;

Unfelt by all who build their peace
 On airy schemes of Happiness ;
 To Grandeur, Wealth, and Power a prey,
 The idle *pageants* of the day ;
 And through th' expanse of Folly roam
 In search of pleasures found at home.

In *this sweet retreat* we'll prove
 United Innocence and Love ;
 Those labyrinths and quicksands shun
 Where tottering Virtue's oft undone ;
 Though Pride a weak resistance boast
 Still in the struggle often lost ;
 While Reason's dictates yield to sense,
 And Passion shews our impotence.

Unnotic'd

Unnotic'd we'll creation scan,
 Contemplate Nature, study Man ;
 Survey those wond'rous orbs that rowl
 From Artic to Antartic Pole ;
 Those glitt'ring charms which vary'd grace
 The feather'd and the finny race ;
 On that unbounded Pow'r descant
 Which form'd the mite and elephant ;
 The vegetating system too,
 With humble adoration view ;
 The oak's proud tow'ring branches bow
 Contrast'd with the shrub below ;
 Each fruit and variegated flower
 Expanding at the noontide hour ;
 With every meaner herb and tree
 Rip'ning to full maturity.

Calm

Calm 'midst reflections such as these,
(Reflections which must *ever* please)
No more *my cot* I wish to change,
Or through the maze of Folly range ;
Nor court again the public scene
While peace predominates *within* :
But now, possess'd of you, my Fair,
(Sweet antidote to ev'ry care)
Here let me fix, here ever *dwell*,
In Friendship bless'd and Philomel.

F I N I S.



